

ADBUSTERS

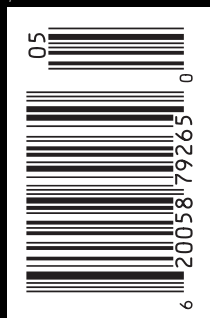
A M E R I C A

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THE POLITICS OF
POST ANARCHISM
HOW TO LIVE WITHOUT DEAD TIME













Mother told me to follow
my passion. Chart my own
course. March to the beat
of my own drummer.

Dad said, "Follow your
dream and find yourself."





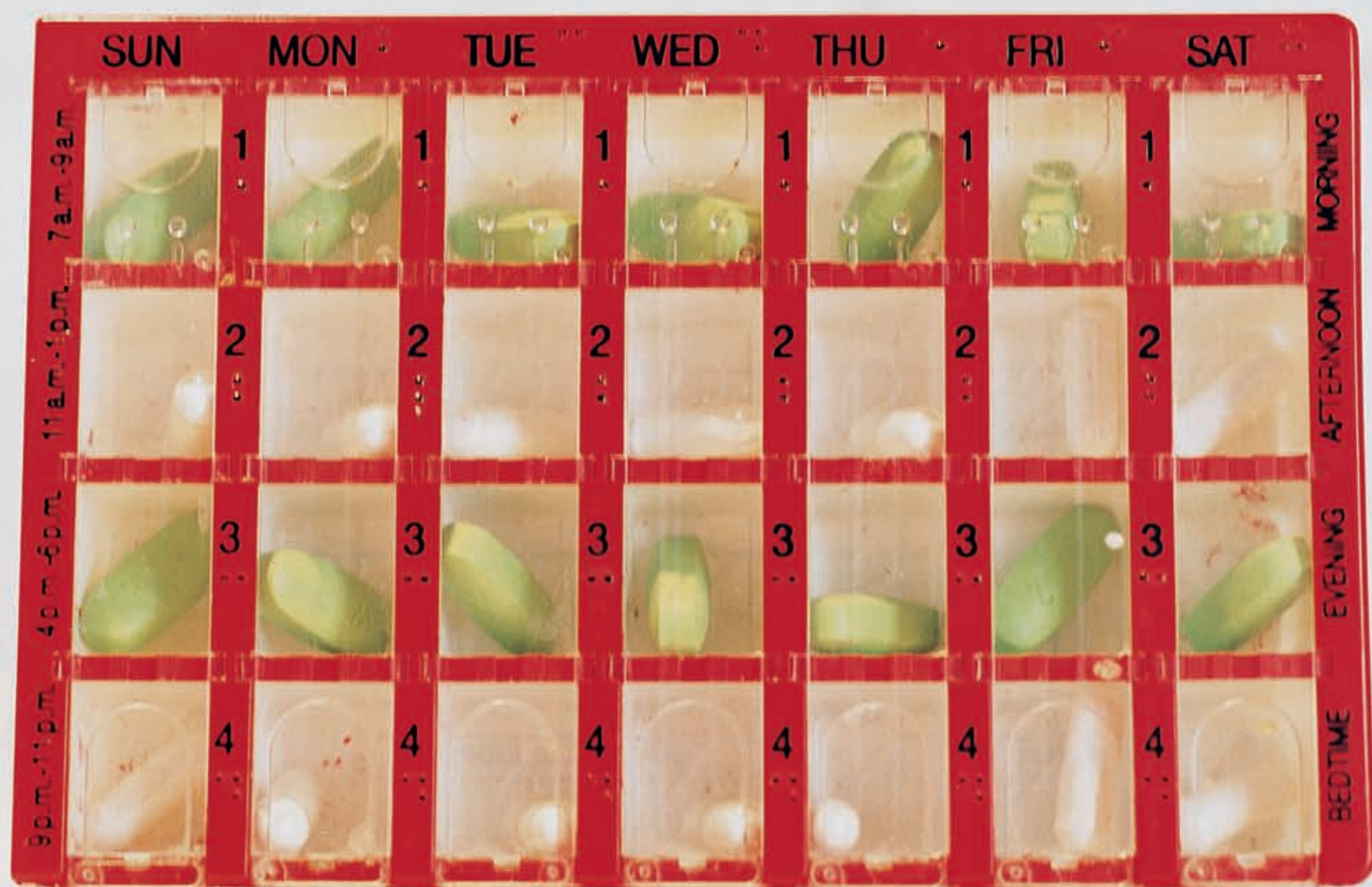
Somewhere along the way I forgot how to love ...

I have seen my little son literally jump for joy when he got something he wanted very much. He couldn't contain his excitement, it was so strong. That is the secret of joy – to be so excited that one is overwhelmed by it. But to experience joy, one must be free of anxieties about letting go and expressing feeling. Or to put it differently, one has to be carefree and innocent as a child. Narcissists are neither carefree nor innocent. They have learned to play the power game, to seduce and to manipulate. They are always thinking about how people see and respond to them. And they must stay in control because loss of control evokes their fear of insanity.

I am sure some of us have known moments of joy when our egos took a back seat and the child in us was free to laugh and love. Unfortunately, we lose our innocence too soon and most unfortunately, we prize this loss. We don't want to be innocents, for that leaves us open to being ridiculed and hurt. We want to be sophisticated – that allows us to feel superior. Sophisticated people seem to have the most fun: partying, drinking, being a little wild, denying limits. What have the innocents got? An open heart, simple pleasures, faith. How much more alluring to have a sharp mind; to know all of life, the lows as well as the highs; to have power, be admired, feel special. The seduction of power is hard to resist, particularly when as a child one was hurt and betrayed by those one loved. To sell out the kingdom of heaven for power is a devil's bargain. It is the bargain that the narcissist makes.



I watched him drowning and trying to come up
for air, but he couldn't do it on his own.





Mumbai, India, Raghu Rai/Magnum





I looked at the rampant and expanding growth economy, the stagnancy of our political systems, the lack of will among politicians. I looked at the growing human population and its ever-increasing consumer demands. I looked at the peaking of our oil supplies, and at the number of people who denied the existence of climate change.

I saw the forests continue to fall. I saw the oceans continue to empty of life, the climate continue to change and the corals continue to die. I saw the human machine continue to advance, and I saw most humans in the rich world (and a growing number elsewhere) unwilling to do much about it if it meant giving up their car, their dishwasher and their other everyday comforts. I saw a terrible bind.



THE POWER ISSUE

VOGUE

395

MAR

574

Pages of
SHOW

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From Pu
Romantic to Rebel

STARVED
FOR LOVE
A MOTHER'S
AND DAUGHTER'S
BATTLE WITH
FOOD DEMONS

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BORN THIS WAY LADY GA

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NOBEL PRIZE
SYRIA'S
FIRST LADY
NEW YORK'S
SANDRA LEE
HOLLYWOOD'S
BREAKOUT
EMMA STONE

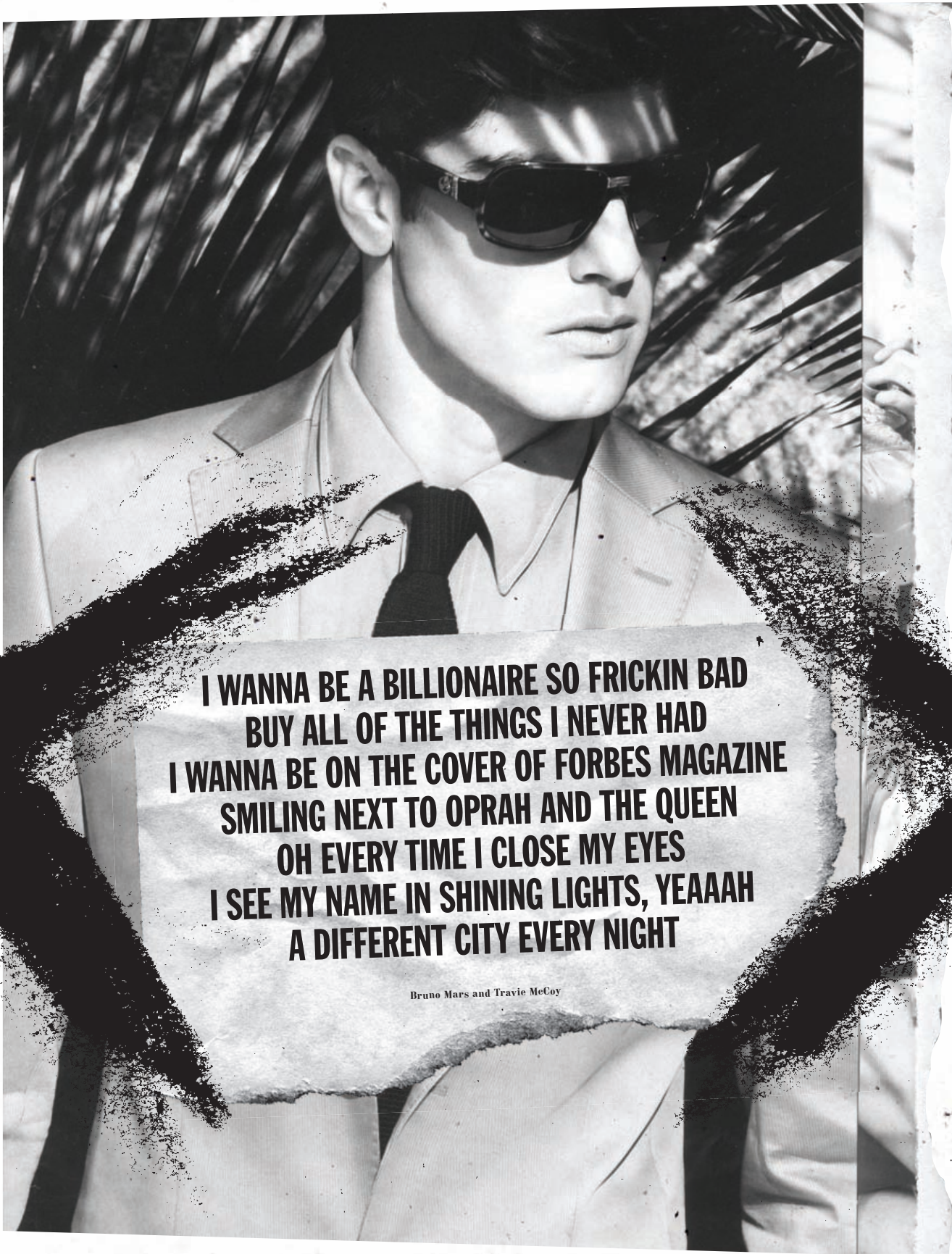
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CRY
FREEDOM
ONE WOMAN'S
LIFE AFTER
29 YEARS IN
A CULT

Consumed with insatiable vanity, Narcissus was lured to a pond by the Greek God, Nemesis, where he fell in love with his own reflection and died in permanent adoration of himself – paralyzed by the reflection of his own beauty.

Far from being a symbolic philosophical anecdote, Narcissism is a growing global pathology manifest in an unrelenting and addicting desire toward self infatuation and self love. At all times, a narcissists' greatest concern is how they look as opposed to how they feel. In achieving this, they deny any feelings or realities that contradict the image they seek. This obsession narrows all other meaningful human interaction to the point where the inflicted individual walks in a sea of imagined minions, equally adoring their grandeur. The condition is also signified by unrelenting tendencies towards manipulation, seduction, power and control.

GUESS, VANITY FAIR, MAY 2011



**I WANNA BE A BILLIONAIRE SO FRICKIN BAD
BUY ALL OF THE THINGS I NEVER HAD
I WANNA BE ON THE COVER OF FORBES MAGAZINE
SMILING NEXT TO OPRAH AND THE QUEEN
OH EVERY TIME I CLOSE MY EYES
I SEE MY NAME IN SHINING LIGHTS, YEAAAH
A DIFFERENT CITY EVERY NIGHT**

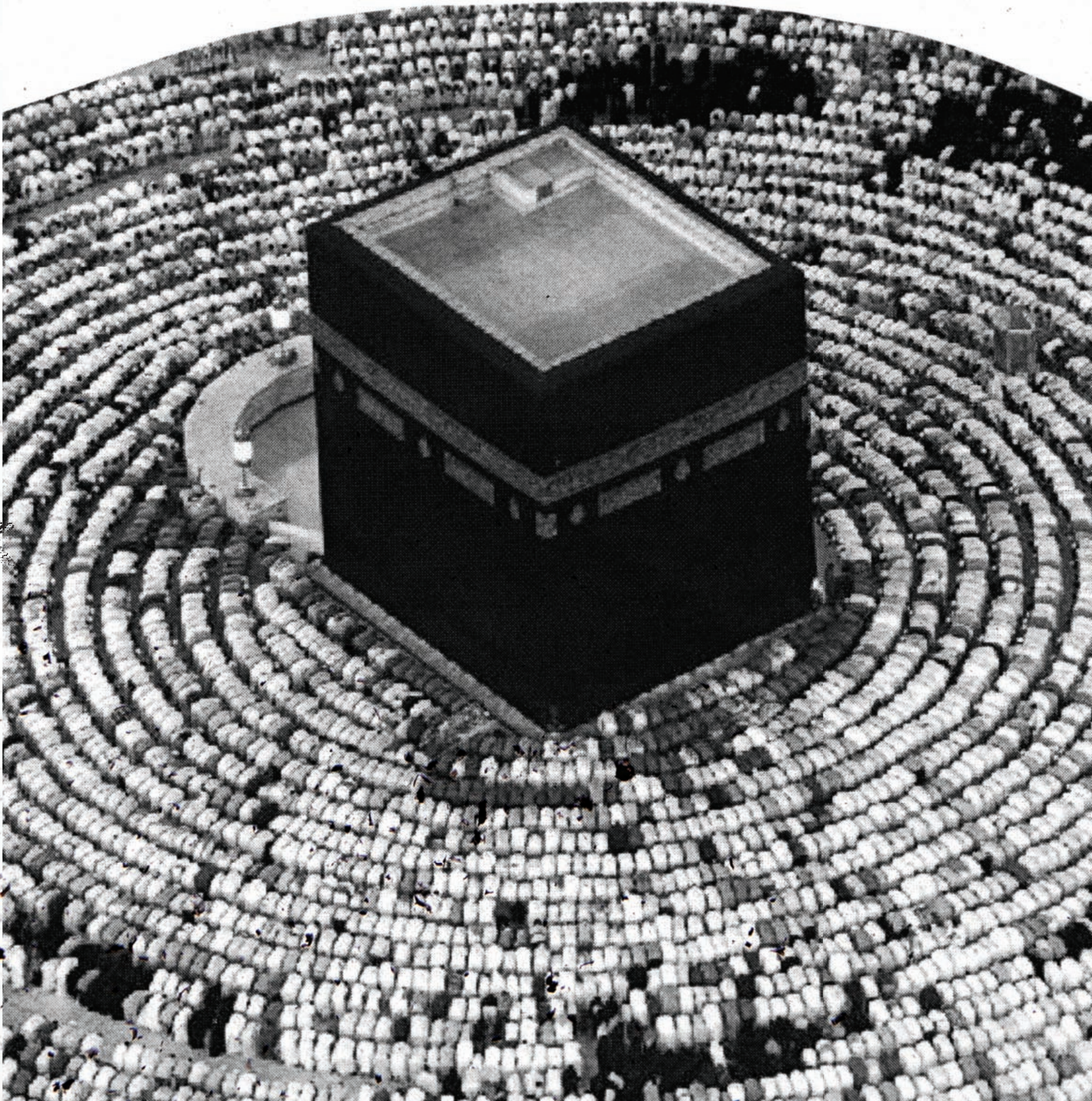
Bruno Mars and Travie McCoy

Dear Adbusters, Our politics today is that of "prison" – what I mean by that is that we do not dare to dream. As with a prisoner who is content to live in a cell, our politics is more about what we can do to make our life comfortable within the confines of our prison, whatever that may be.

The Islamic prohibition on charging interest on loans, and the distinction it makes between trade, which is encouraged, and usury, which is forbidden, is an inspiration to those of us who dare to dream outside the box. Imagine that you did not have to pay interest

on the mortgage on your home. And what if developing nations within Africa and elsewhere did not have to pay interest on their loans? They would flourish. They would not be working to pay interest. They would be working to pay the principal and investing in themselves: food, clothing, shelter and health care. Islamic economics challenges the very assumptions of economic activity; it dares to dream beyond the politics of prison to a different approach to human relations and trade. A whole new way of looking at ourselves.

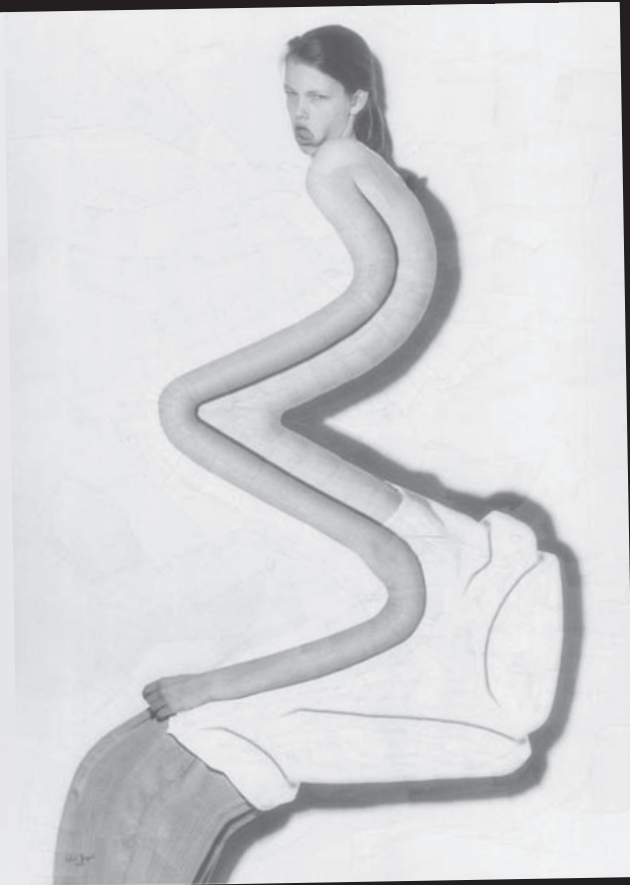
Moiz Billah



e. coli



Jonathan Waiter, jonathanwaiter.com



Lola Dupre, loladupre.com

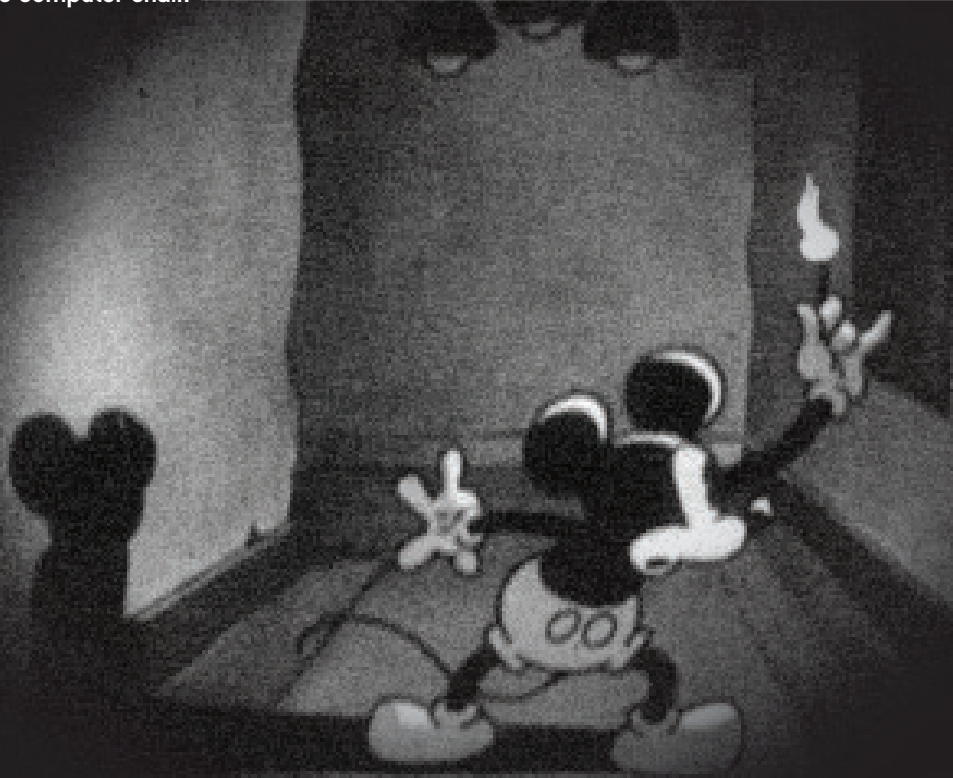
Karl Marx was one of the first to observe that as societal wealth increases so too does the prevalence of individual madness. Marx estimated that in 1852 one out of every 850 residents of Great Britain was classified as a “lunatic” whereas merely five years later the rate had increased to one in 700. The trend has since continued and rates of mental disorders are rising annually in the richest nations. The World Health Organization calculates that one in four people in the US suffers from chronic anxiety, a mood disorder or depression – the highest rate globally. In the Netherlands one out of seven are similarly afflicted. Most alarming is that in 2005 researchers predicted that one in two Americans will suffer from a mental illness in their lifetime. According to the WHO, mental disease will be bigger than heart disease by 2020.

In many ways, mental breakdown is much scarier than ecological breakdown, because once we lose our ability to think clearly – once we descend into a society of anxious, depressed me-firsters preoccupied with our own problems – then we will never be able to deal with the political, economic and climate tipping points now bearing down upon us. In a strange twist of fate, the apocalypse that we fear is coming our way, may not be of devastated landscapes but of devastated mindscapes.

Kono Matsu

I started playing World of Warcraft when I was five months pregnant with my last baby. She is going to be four in a few months. I started playing as my hubby played and we thought it would be a good distraction from a difficult pregnancy of mostly bed rest. It was. But I'm still playing it. I have quit a few times only to be sweet-talked into it again by my hubby as he likes it when I am there to talk to. Do we talk like this in real life? Do we do the fun things in WoW in real life? Hell no. It's a smoke screen and I have realized for some time my hubby is not participating in our RL life. I'm sad. This could be the end of our marriage – if we had one to begin with. (He played WoW when we met and I've dragged him kicking and screaming into the real world several times.) I want to do new things. I'm not getting any younger. My hubby wants to be king of the computer chair.

I want to LIVE!



My life is so shit. I have no friends, no girlfriend, no steady job, no social life. I feel like I just want to escape back into this game. Everything I try to do in the real world I fuck up at. In the game at least I could win ... at least I had friends and people I could talk to ... at least I was someone in the game. I'm not like other people out here. I don't have a family or a loved one waiting for me when I log out. I just have shit and more shit waiting for me. I wish I could just delete myself and start a new character like I can in WoW if the one I'm playing starts to suck. But I can't. I'm stuck with myself and the disgusting human being that I am. When I feel lonely – which is all the time – I think back to when I played WoW and had fun and got cheers and praises from my guildmates when I helped them. How can I be such a success in the game but such a fucking failure at life! Someone tell me, dammit!

These anonymous testimonies were posted at wow-detox.com, a volunteer-run resource for recovering World of Warcraft addicts. As the average age of gamers increases – it now stands at 37 years old – a handful of dark memoirs of video game addiction are also starting to emerge. Both *Cyber Junkie* by Kevin Roberts and *Unplugged* by Ryan Van Cleave are recently published autobiographies of the downward spiral of gaming. *Second Skin*, an intimate documentary about WoW addicts who hit rock bottom, is also worth watching.

This issue . . .

first time . . . free time . . . time and again . . . time zone . . .

hard time . . . part time . . . full time . . . halftime . . . overtime . . .

spacetime . . . long time . . . once upon a time . . . down time . . .

wheel of time . . . what time is it . . . time travel . . . time is money . . .

it's about time . . . time management . . . one at a time . . .

chow time . . . hammer time . . . timeless . . . miller time . . .

all the time . . . tool time . . . high time . . . take your time . . .

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We live without dead time

KILL TIME

In the emerging, highly programmed landscape ahead, you will either create the software or you will be the software. It's really that simple: program or be programmed. Choose the former, and you gain access to the control panel of civilization. Choose the latter, and it could be the last real choice you get to make.

Douglas Rushkoff



Instead of falling in love with his own image in a pond, today's narcissist gazes adoringly at his own Facebook page.

IT'S NOT

an exaggeration to say that my generation, from the '60s, was the first to become disenfranchised from historical context. Or to put it more simply, we lost the support of our forebears. When knowledge of Latin stopped being a hallmark of the educated American, when Greek myths no longer provided a foundation for the artistic or philosophical articulation of modern life, our generation resorted to pop culture. That's all that was left. But was there any way to descend even further down than that?

Perhaps it was the moment when global capitalism climbed upon its throne and we realized belatedly that we were living in a postmodern age that the legacy of the next generation became clear: irony would be the sole tool of the new artist. But as irony lost its satirical power, its power to critique, it became a tool of entertainment for profit and the advancement of social status. In the art world this change was illustrated by the career of Andy Warhol. Pop began as an acidic criticism of middle-class capitalism – until the rich embraced the experience and filled the pockets of those artists who obliged them by doing it. Andy became what he'd made fun of: a wealthy living joke. Perhaps we baby boomers shocked our parents by relying on rock music and movies for inspiration. The next generation shocked us by looking at our pop culture ironically and then using that vision as an amoral networking tool.

The post-Pop, post-post-Modernists of today have had to deal with the obvious poverty of all imagery and the shoddiness of all aesthetic devices available to them, as well as the blunting of all irony. They have seen all of these elements presented with a cynical kind of humor that laughs all the way to the bank. It's inevitable that they grow bored with the celebration of vacuity and the sensationalism of the grotesque for its own sake, no matter how much money they make from it. Even the cleverest tricksters of the new art world, such as Banksy, come close to being opportunistic court jesters. At best, they have made their own cynicism the subject of their art.

Bruce Benderson

like a cat on the prowl...



LIVING DOLLS

NATASHA WALTER

For more than 200 years, feminists have been criticising the way that artificial images of feminine beauty are held up as the ideal to which women should aspire. From Mary Wollstonecraft's *A Vindication of the Rights of Woman* in 1792, to Simone de Beauvoir's *The Second Sex* in 1949, to Germaine Greer's *The Female Eunuch* in 1970, to Naomi Wolf's *The Beauty Myth* in 1991, brilliant and angry women have demanded a change in these ideals. Yet far from fading away, they have become narrower and more powerful than ever. What's more, throughout much of our society, the image of female perfection to which women are encouraged to aspire has become more and more defined by sexual allure. Of course wanting to be sexually attractive has always and will always be a natural desire for both men and women, but in this generation a certain view of female sexuality has become celebrated throughout advertisements, music, television programmes, films and magazines. This image of female sexuality has become more than ever defined by the terms of the sex industry.

Throughout our society, female sexuality now tends to be seen in a very narrow light, often defined by slender exhibitionists with large breasts gyrating around poles in their underwear. The narrowing of what it means to be sexy arises from the way that the sex industry has become more generally acceptable. The movement of the sex industry from the margins to the mainstream of our society can be seen in many places – from the unexpected resurgence of glamour modelling, which means that many young women have been encouraged to believe that stripping to their knickers for lads' magazines is their best possible route to success; to the sudden growth of lap-dancing clubs in town

centres; to a new fashion for the style of dancing associated with those clubs, pole-dancing; to the popularity of memoirs of prostitution that suggest selling sex is a great way for a woman to earn her living; and, above all, to the much greater presence of pornography in the lives of many young people, driven by the internet. This latter development has affected magazine and newspaper publishing, advertising, television and music, many areas of which have begun to share the aesthetic values of soft pornography. The messages and values of this revitalised sex industry have reached deep into the hearts of many young men and women.

This equation of empowerment and liberation with sexual objectification is now seen



I feel
so
unique

everywhere, and is having a real effect on the ambitions of young women. When I interviewed women who have worked in the sex industry for this book, I was struck to find that some of them had been seduced by the idea that this work could enhance their sense of individual power. Ellie is an articulate, well-educated woman who had gone to private school and a good university, and had been brought up to believe she could do anything in any profession – law, medicine, politics. Instead, she had decided she wanted to be an actor, but when jobs were hard to find and she found herself financially desperate, she took a sideways step in her twenties by going to work in a lap-dancing club in London. She didn't feel, at first, that it would be very difficult. She told me she had picked up messages from our culture that lap dancing was pretty straightforward and even empowering for the women who do it. 'People say that, don't they,' she said to me thoughtfully when we met. 'There's this myth that women are expressing their sexuality freely in this way and that, as they can make lots of money out of it, it gives them power over the men who are paying.' This

was not what she found herself, however. She was shocked to discover quite how demeaning and dehumanizing she found the work. In the situation of the club, women became more like dolls than people. 'There's something about the club – the lights, the make-up, the clothes you wear, those huge platform heels, the way that so many women have fake boobs,' she said. 'You look like cartoons. You give yourself a fake girly name, like a doll. You're encouraged to look like dolls. No wonder the men don't see you as people.'

This highly sexualised culture is often positively celebrated as a sign of women's liberation and empowerment. It was indeed an aim of the women's liberation movement of the 1970s that women should be released from conventional morality around sex, which had confined them to idealised chastity on the one hand or contemptible promiscuity on the other. The fact that women can now be sexually active and experienced without being condemned is a direct result of second-wave feminism. And this is clearly something to be celebrated. But it is strange that all aspects of the current hypersexual culture are often now seen as proof of women's growing freedom and power. So the renaissance of glamour modelling is seen by many who participate in the industry as a marker not of persistent sexism, but of women's new confidence. For instance, as one ex-editor of a lads' magazine said to me, 'It's the women who are driving this. It's all changed. . . . I think that to people of my age it's bizarre to see young women being so confident sexually at such an early age.' Similarly, the fashion for pole-dancing classes is talked about as if it were liberating for women. The website for Pole Dancing Hen Weekends states that, 'Pole dancing classes are all about freeing yourself from the restrictions imposed on you in your everyday life and empowering yourself.' Even occupations such as lap dancing and prostitution are often now surrounded by this quasi-feminist rhetoric. One young lap dancer quoted in an interview in the *Times* in 2008 said, 'I have never had a job where I felt so empowered,' and the actor Billie Piper, who starred in a television adaptation of the memoir by 'Belle de Jour', a prostitute working in London, said in an interview, 'When I am playing Belle I have to play a sexually liberated, empowered young prostitute.'

Natasha Walter is a British feminist. In this excerpt from her latest book, *Living Dolls: The Return of Sexism*, Walter rejects her earlier work that lauded third wave feminism's sexualization of women. "I am ready to admit that I was wrong," Walter concedes.

THE NEW FRAGRANCE FOR WOMEN



DAISY
MARC JACOB

EAU SO FRESH

MARIE CLAIRE, APRIL 2011

NYT April 20

Vibrators Carry the Conversation

For years, vibrators were bought quietly in sex shops, and later online, arriving in discreet unmarked packages. They were rarely discussed, other than perhaps during a late-night girl-talk session fueled by many glasses of pinot grigio. But now you can find them advertised on MTV and boldly displayed at Duane Reade, Walgreens and other mainstream drugstores, mere steps from the Ben-gay and Dr. Scholl's.

James Daniels, vice president for marketing at Trojan, said: "The idea really came from consumers. They kept telling us vibrators, vibrators. And we just laughed. And then we realized the

The purpose of life is
not to find yourself, but
to lose yourself.

MODERNITY'S



Homeworks #5, 2008. Miles Aldridge. Image courtesy of the Steven Kasher Gallery and the artist.

UNDOING

BY PANKAJ MISHRA

*“America created the 20th century,” Gertrude Stein wrote in *The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas*, “and since all the other countries are now either living or commencing to be living a 20th-century life, America having begun the creation of the 20th century in the sixties of the 19th century is now the oldest country in the world.”*

She meant, quite reasonably, that America was the oldest country in the world because it was the first to be modern. By 1933, Stein had already witnessed the industrialization of America and the new technologies of standardization and control unleashed by Fordism and Taylorism. Had she lived longer into the 20th century, one can only imagine what she would have made of the many organization men, hidden persuaders and lonely crowds still to come, or of the other ideological prisons created by the national security state and the Cold War. It already seems as if it was a long time ago that America, transitioning from industrial to consumer capitalism, lurched into the age of postmodernity. The brisk destruction of old ways and the foreclosing of possibilities have become such an accepted fact – not least in the social sciences, from Daniel Bell to Fredric Jameson – that it is easy to forget what a large-scale reengineering of human lives they have led to. Jennifer Egan, an American writer, is rare for still being able to register incredulity at the weirdness of this process. In her novel *Look at Me* (2001), she makes one of her main characters, an isolated intellectual, spell it all out: The “narrative of industrial America began with the rationalization of objects through standardization, abstraction and mass production,” and has concluded “with the rationalization of human beings through marketing, public relations, image consulting and spin.”

Stein's theory of America's antiquity, which seems even more persuasive today as the country feels its age beside such late-coming upstarts to the modern world as China and India, has implications for how we see American literature. Henry James may have lamented the social thinness of American history, and its apparent inability to generate great writing, but Stein's formulation makes James look like an incorrigible 19th-century Europhile who failed to recognize that history specifically enjoined American novelists to describe the strange new mutations in individual and social life caused by the reorganization of work, consumption and war. The masters of this quintessentially American literature have been Thomas Pynchon and Don DeLillo, prophets of Cold War paranoia, rather than Philip Roth and Jonathan Franzen, or all the chroniclers of the immigrant experience from Henry Roth to Jhumpa Lahiri. Pynchon and DeLillo have had oddly few successors, even though the end of the Cold War, with the apparent triumph of American-style capitalism, only accelerated the "global momentum" that, as DeLillo wrote after 9/11, "drives unmindfully toward a landscape of consumer-robots and social instability."

Most readers, as DeLillo sardonically complained, "would rather read about their own marriages and separations and trips to Tanglewood," since "it adds a certain luster, a certain significance to their own lives." There are considerable formal difficulties involved in moving away from that "entire school of American fiction" that DeLillo defined as "around-the-house-and-in-the-yard." The peculiar realities, dreams and fears of public life – ruthless corporations, terrorist sleeper cells, imperial presidencies, remote wars – can lead to an oppressive shapelessness, unsuited to the plot-driven mimetic realism minted in the 19th century. The strain on language can be too great; the attempted fusion of the political with the personal can take on a bewilderingly occult quality.

But there is no theoretical reason why abstraction should be incompatible with storytelling, why the old-fashioned novel of the individual in society can't bring with it an awareness of the vast, globalized world. The virtues of the realist tradition – irony, historical texture and a strong point of view – can be combined with a modernist aesthetic of fragmentation and dissolution. Though critically neglected when it was first published, *Look at Me* was one such synthesis. Its carefully interlinked characters cover a broad social canvas (New York, the Midwest) and include a fashion model with a surgically reconstructed face, a Middle-Eastern

terrorist, a sexually avid small-town teenager and a brooding academic. Its various sincere first-person and satirically edged third-person narratives describe a multiplicity of small narcissisms. It's a funhouse mirror maze, from which one emerges with a conviction that the human self is incoherent, and that reality itself is an unstable aggregate of random perceptions. But the novel itself generates such large ideas out of a historically specific postmodern setting: the many stories it tells all embody the American obsession with identity and image, and the perennial quest for self-esteem and recognition (which, as Walter Benn Michaels argues, helps obscure the fact of widening economic and social inequality in the US). Its adventurous and well-briefed forays into popular culture – a regular feature of Egan's fiction – have anticipated more contemporary forms of exhibitionism (reality TV, blogs, Facebook). And it has a plot that ingeniously seems to be winding down rather than up.

Egan had previously published *The Invisible Circus*, a novel, and a collection of short fiction, *Emerald City*. These books describe the vulnerability and unexpected self-reckonings of the provincial in New York and the American abroad; their terse lyricism and worldly wisdom about the workings of power bring to mind the short stories of Paul Bowles and Deborah Eisenberg. Remarkably for a writer of her generation (she was born in 1962), Egan seemed like an expatriate, looking back with biting irony at her fellow Americans and their insufficiently examined expectations of wealth, comfort, beauty and fame. In "Why China?," a bond trader, fleeing potential disgrace at work, has dragged his reluctant family to China; there, he unexpectedly turns against his own daughters, "blonde, expensive-looking creatures." He contrasts them with the Masai children he once saw in Kenya, and finds himself staring at them "accusingly, awaiting some acknowledgment from them of the brutal disparity between the Masai kids' lives and their own." Instead, he finds in their beauty "a righteousness" that galls him.

Egan's short fiction shows a mastery of elliptical dialogue, the art of impregnating silences with moral unease. In "Letter to Josephine," a young suburban woman confides to her friend a marriage proposal from an affluent suitor.

"You'll be so rich!" She laughed softly.

"Josephine!" It sounded cheap to hear her say it.

"But come on," Josephine said, seemingly

puzzled by Lucy's hesitation. "The guy's a millionaire."

"I know, but ..."

"Well, admit it, for God's sake."

There was an awkward pause. Lucy felt she must say something, that it must be the right thing.

But there is no right thing to say about this deeply rooted predilection for easy wealth and privilege. The seduction, as it turns out with most of Egan's characters, is already complete; and what her fiction measures is the precise degree of delusion and disappointment in the totally administered society. Only those coming late to America and its insidious corruptions – such as Aziz, the Middle-Eastern terrorist in *Look at Me* – try to resist it. But – and this was *Look at Me*'s precocious insight into what now seems an overdiscussed phenomenon – it is often the fear of seduction by America that provokes its adversaries into nihilistic violence:

At night, they watched TV. Aziz and his gaunt compatriots crammed together onto a foam-rubber couch that stank of Ralph Lauren cologne and butchery; they huddled like pigeons, craving the anesthesia that issued from that screen, the tranquilizing rays: cars animate as human faces; breakfast cereals adrift in the whitest milk Aziz had ever seen; juice erupting from phosphorescent oranges ... And even as the anesthesia worked upon Aziz, even as his mouth fell open, eyelids splayed helplessly to admit these sights, hands curled like an infant's, he was aware of the rage waving like a flag near his heart, reminding him that this hypnosis was a conspiracy at work, whereby a seed of longing was implanted forever in one's thoughts ... If fighting the conspiracy had reduced him, that loss merely strengthened his grim and patient will to destroy it.

Look at Me was published a week after the terrorist attacks on 9/11, and suffered the disadvantage of appearing too topical. Terrorism and the fashion industry were too obviously Egan's preoccupations, even though in the novel's bigger picture these phenomena were symptoms of a deeper and more widespread malaise: the steady disappearance of reality, and its replacement with such pseudo-substitutes as "authentic" selfhood.

Look at Me's real theme is pursued, though not exclusively, through the character of a disgraced academic, Moose. Following in the American line of solitary prophets – both real, like the Unabomber, and those invented by DeLillo – Moose ponders “appearances disjoined from anything real, afloat upon nothing, in the service of nothing, cut off from every source of blood and life.” Languishing in his postindustrial Midwestern town, he mourns the world of “things,” of actual “objects existing in time and space,” which “had lost their allure generations ago, shunted off to countries where people would make them for less”: they had been replaced by information, which was “the inversion of a thing; without shape or location or component parts.”

No one will mistake *Look at Me* for an abstract “novel of ideas”: Egan is too invested in the pleasures of narrative. Her fiction never appears melodramatically political, ideologically driven or self-consciously cerebral. However, the spacious novelistic form of *Look at Me* didn't quite seem commensurate with the fears it summoned up: as Moose puts it, imagining a hyperdigital future, “a world remade by circuitry was a world without history or context or meaning” and “such a world was certainly headed toward death.” It is only in her new novel, *A Visit from the Goon Squad*, with its more unorthodox narrative, that Egan fully realizes her vision of the impersonal tyranny of a mass, technicized society. Describing the lives of people in and around the rock music business, it spans roughly half a century, from the 1970s to a menacingly near future. Several interlocking developments specific to this period form the political and cultural background to the book's diversely alienated characters: the neutralization of the counterculture, the decline of family capitalism, the rise of corporate political and economic power, and of credit-fueled high-end consumption, which together lead to a state of mass depoliticization where even the obsession with personal identity that had previously overlaid the reality of class conflict turns into competition between consumer status groups (iPhone vs. Blackberry – that kind of thing). The book ends with a bleak vision of gadget-addicted infants and toddlers driving popular culture and business.

By forgoing omniscient, all-explaining narration, Egan seems to get at a deeper interiority. And by rapidly shifting scene and voice – in what often seems the novelistic equivalent of Godard's *Two or Three Things I Know about Her* – she saves herself, and

her reader, the tedious tasks of scene-setting and plot advancement. Indeed, doing away with the bulky contrivances of drama allows Egan to reveal the death by a thousand cuts that time inflicts on her characters. “Time is a goon,” says Bosco, a guitarist who has gone from “being a rock star to being a fat fuck no one cares about.” The many instances of physical and moral decay in the novel remind us that in a culture centrally obsessed with youth and beauty, time is a particularly vicious thug. Egan is admirably clear-sighted about this (“nostalgia,” Bennie muses, “was the end – everyone knows that”) and any signs of decrepitude seem to provoke Egan's most vivaciously caustic writing. Bosco is “unrecognizable as the scrawny, stovepipe-panted practitioner of a late-80s sound somewhere between punk and ska, a hive of redheaded mania who had made Iggy Pop look indolent onstage. More than once, club owners had called 911 during Conduits shows, convinced that Bosco was having a seizure.” Now, an “unsuccessful hip replacement” has left Bosco “with the lurching, belly-hoisting walk of a refrigerator on a hand truck.” Rock music is central to the book but, unlike many of her peers, Egan avoids the self-indulgent sentimentality of invoking the cherished bands and icons of childhood and adolescence. She is much more interested in the “gritty industrialism” of the music industry than in remembrance of tunes past. Thus the 1970s Bay Area musicians and groupies emerge as victims of a heartless utilitarianism that grinds down even the most “alternative” forms of counterculture: they are pieces of socio-economic history, not merely personal mementos.

It helps, of course, that rock, as Ellen Willis once wrote, “is America – the black experience, the white experience, technology, commercialism, rebellion, populism, the Hells Angels, the horror of old age – as seen by its urban adolescents.” Now, after 50 years of ruthless commodification, rock seems to be dead – or is at least terminally sick. The novel's dystopian closing chapter set in 2020 shows Alex, Sasha's date in the first chapter, trying to manufacture “authentic” word-of-mouth for a concert (with methods reminiscent of the “search-engine optimization” tricks that allowed the evidently left-wing Huffington Post to achieve enough “hits” to make it worth \$315 million to a huge media conglomerate). Toddlers – who download music onto “kiddie handsets” – have revived a dead industry, persuading bands to “reinvent themselves for the preverbal.” But *A Visit from the Goon Squad* doesn't only read like the obituary of

the long since corporatized and now digitally challenged music industry: something larger is reflected in it. Early on, Bennie is driving down Manhattan with Sasha and mentally surveying his personal history of rock, as music plays on the car stereo, from the early Who through “alternative, that great compromise,” down to more recent debasements and

**down, down, down to the singles
he'd just today been petitioning radio
stations to add, husks of music, lifeless
and cold as the squares of office neon
cutting the blue twilight.**

**“It's incredible,” Sasha said,
“how there's just nothing there.”**

Astounded, Bennie turned to her. Was it possible that she'd followed his rant to its grim conclusion? Sasha was looking downtown, and he followed her eyes to the empty space where the Twin Towers had been. “There should be something, you know?” she said, not looking at Bennie. “Like an echo. Or an outline.”

Here, in this brisk reckoning with the event that has been the undoing of many distinguished writers, Egan commemorates not only the fading of a cultural glory but also of the economic and political supremacy that underpinned it. The sense of an ending has always appeared to spur Egan's inventiveness. An almost mystical conviction of individual and collective failure pervades *A Visit from the Goon Squad*; the fragmentary nature of its narrative seems to enact the rhythms of dissolution, the slow-burning confusion of a people who long ago “stopped being themselves without realizing it.” And yet there is energy, even exuberance, in its despair. “Sure, everything is ending,” one of the characters says, “but not yet.” Could this be a suitable aesthetic for the onrushing postimperial age, a credo of the vigorous senescence of American modernity? Certainly, *A Visit from the Goon Squad* hints that novels whose highest aim is to confirm the proud assumptions of a liberal-minded bourgeoisie – self-awareness, social inquiry and progress – may be in danger of producing a false picture of the oldest country in the world.

Pankaj Mishra is an acclaimed novelist and political essayist. When Mishra was twenty-three years old, he taught himself the craft of writing during five years of self-imposed study and seclusion in the Himalayan mountains.



CRUNCH TIME



*we're in a crisis, a systematic crisis, a very deep and radical
crisis, in which what is being challenged is the irrational
way the system works. Manuel Cruz, University of Barcelona*

In 2000, Chinese scientists unearthed a 125-million-year-old fossil of a rodent-like creature they named *Eomaia scansoria*, "dawn mother." Whenever we call someone a rat we're really harking back to our earliest ancestors, tiny tree-hugging placental rodents that fled from the feet and teeth of dinosaurs by scurrying up any available tree. After the dinosaurs died out, dawn mothers could safely emerge, and they thrived, in time turning into all sorts of species. We descended from those tree shrews – five-inch-long mousy little beings that weighed under a pound, used hardy claws to climb, ate insects, and were all fur and appetite. They were the first creatures to nourish a baby inside the mother's body, the first mammal of the sort that populates the earth today with elephants and wombats and weasels and humans. Let others appeal to Aurora, Eos and other goddesses when they wake. I prefer to thank the small, timid dawn mother in us all.

Diane Ackerman



PAUL GILDING



I have come to the conclusion that our human society and economy is now so large that we have passed the limits of our planet's capacity to support us.

Our current model of economic growth, the one we rely upon for our present and future prosperity, is driving us over the cliff. This means things are going to change. Not because we will choose change out of philosophical or political preference, but because if we don't transform our society and economy, we risk social and economic collapse and the descent into chaos. The science on this is now clear and accepted by any rational observer. While an initial look at the public debate may suggest controversy, any serious examination of the peer-reviewed conclusions of leading science bodies shows the core direction we are heading in is now clear. Things do not look good.

These challenges and the facts behind them are well known by experts and leaders around the world and have been for decades. But despite this understanding, that we would at some point pass the limits to growth, it has been continually filed away to the back of our mind and the back of our drawers, with the label "Interesting - For Consideration Later" prominently attached. Well, later has arrived. This is because the passing of the limits is not philosophical but physical and rooted in the rules of physics, chemistry and biology. So passing the limits has consequences. If you cut down more trees than you grow, you run out of trees. If you put additional nitrogen into a water system, you change the type and quantity of life that water can support. If you thicken the Earth's carbon dioxide blanket, the Earth gets warmer. If you do all these and many more things at once, you change the way the whole system of planet Earth behaves, with social, economic and life support impacts. This is not speculation, this is high school science.

In all this though, there is a surprising case for optimism. As a species, we are good in a crisis, and passing the limits will certainly be the biggest crisis our species has ever faced. Our backs will be up against the wall, and in that situation we have proven ourselves to be extraordinary. As the full scale of the imminent crisis hits us, our response will be proportionally dramatic, mobilizing as we do in war. We will change at a scale and speed we can barely imagine today, completely transforming our economy, including our energy and transport industries, in just a few short decades. Perhaps most surprisingly we will also learn there is more to life than shopping. We will break our addiction to growth, accept that more stuff is not making our lives better and focus instead on what does.

This is why we shouldn't despair in the face of what the science is telling us - it is precisely the severity of the problem that will drive a response that is overwhelming in scale and speed and will go right to the core of our societies. It is the crisis itself that will push humanity to its next stage of development and allow us to realize our evolutionary potential. It will be a rough ride, but in the end, we will arrive at a better place. By coincidence, this story also spans my lifetime. As I was being born in Australia in 1959, the start of this dramatic story was unfolding in the US. The US Department of Agriculture banned the sale of cranberries, just before Thanksgiving, due to the poisoning of the national crop by the excessive use of inadequately controlled pesticides. It was what I consider the beginning of modern environmental awareness. It was the moment people on a large scale started to wake up to the fact that there were limits to the Earth's capacity to cope with our abuse, that we had grown so powerful as a species that we had now acquired a fateful power to destroy nature, as scientist Rachel Carson stated. It was when people came to realize that while we had for 10,000 years learned to control nature around our houses, villages and farms for our immediate benefit, the scale of our impact had now changed the game.

Environmentalists such as myself also have to acknowledge a sobering reality in this. Given that we were unsuccessful in convincing society to respond to the challenge that was coming, there must have been failings in the approach we took. While I too lament the result and wonder what we could have done differently, I have now moved on. It is what it is. We can only change the future. We all know where we're heading. We know it from the science, we know it from the politics, and we know it in our hearts. That's why I get so little push-back. We know. We've been borrowing from the future, and the debt has fallen due.

The science says we have physically entered a period of great change, a synchronized, related crash of the economy and the ecosystem,

with food shortages, climate catastrophes, massive economic change and global geopolitical instability. It has been forecast for decades, and the moment has now arrived. We now need to get ready. We can manage our way through the hurricane, but only if we acknowledge its coming and are clear first on how we will survive it and then on what our recovery plan is. History is full of evidence that when our backs are against the wall, all the great qualities of humanity, our compassion, our drive, our technical brilliance, and our ability to make things happen on a massive global scale, come strongly to the fore.

Yes, it is also true we have a shadow side, left over in our reptilian brains, that can take us to a bad place, where fear and anger reside. In the circumstances now emerging, this kind of response could lead to the breakdown of society. So, yes, we could choose to have a dog-eat-dog response drive us into ever-smaller conflicting groups of regions, nations and communities of defensive and scared people fighting over what's left, fighting for physical survival. I don't believe we will do this. Given our natural survival instincts, our history as a species, our new global connectedness and the scale of the threat, I believe we will instead choose to consciously overcome that tendency, as we have many times in the past. It is true that the crisis coming will almost certainly see great conflict among nations over resources and refugees, mass suffering, and some difficult situations emerge as fear and nationalism rear their ugly heads. We need to plan for all of this. However, we will also see the best humanity can offer, great compassion, extraordinary innovation, and millions of people digging deep and finding their capacity for brilliance and innovation.

We have the opportunity to build a society that represents our highest capacities, with extreme poverty eliminated; great technology that works with rather than against nature and provides us with abundant energy and resources; a closed-loop economy with no waste; communities that work and support one another. The global nature of the problem means only a global solution can fix it, and that means we are going to come together as a people like never before. Protecting national interest will have to be confined to the sporting field. Again, not just because we might choose to, but because it is the only way we can address the challenges we face.

Paul Gilding is a former global chief executive of Greenpeace. This editorial is excerpted from his latest book, *The Great Disruption: How the Climate Crisis Will Transform the Global Economy*.

A woman with blonde hair in a ponytail, wearing a black hoodie and blue jeans, stands in a grocery store aisle. She is talking on a silver flip phone. She has a black shoulder bag and a watch on her left wrist. The shelves are stocked with various food items, including breads and packaged goods. A shopping cart is visible in the background.

WHO THE F**K DO YOU THINK YOU ARE?

You blame China. You blame India. You blame America. You blame the CEOs, the oil companies, the vague and incoherent 'system,' the international regulatory regimes, the hypocrisy of the left, the righteous of the right, the educators, the economy, your parents, your childhood, your job, your bank account, your mental health, your government, everyone and everything but yourself. Wake up! This is no joke. This is actually happening and your five planet-lifestyle is the primary cause of it.



Every day is like Christmas.
Every bite is a taste of new possibilities.
Chips. Pop. Life is sweet.
When I hear the Fizz pop after
the cap is twisted, I know everything is going to be alright.

ahhh

CALVIN KLEIN AD, *VOGUE*, MARCH 2011



U.N. Predicts 10.1 Billion People by Century's End

Calvin Klein

IN 1930 MARTIN HEIDEGGER

commented on a rash of popular books that drew on broad philosophical ideas to characterize the contemporary situation and make prophecies about the future.

The leading work was Oswald Spengler's *The Decline of the West*, first published in 1918. Today books such as *The Clash of Civilizations* (Samuel Huntington), *The End of History and the Last Man* (Francis Fukuyama) and *The Collapse of Globalism* (John Ralston Saul) show that the appetite for this kind of world-historical prognosis is undiminished. Heidegger explained their popularity in this way:

"Is there anyone who does not wish to know what is coming, so that they can prepare themselves for it, so as to be less burdened, less preoccupied and affected by the present!"

Well, the answer is yes, there are many who would prefer not to know what is coming. And that is why, to a greater or lesser degree, we are all climate deniers. If the Earth seems to be locked on a path leading to a very different climate, a new and much less stable era lasting many centuries before natural processes eventually establish some sort of equilibrium, how do we respond psychologically to the scientific warnings? A paper by Tim Kasser and myself draws on psychological research into the various coping strategies we might use to defend against or manage the unpleasant emotions associated with the dangers of a warming globe – fear, anxiety, anger, depression, guilt and helplessness.

Many members of the public engage in what might be called casual denial. Less vociferous than outright denial of the science, casual denial relies on inner narratives such as "Environmentalists always exaggerate," "Didn't those leaked emails show it's all rubbish?" and "I'll worry about it when the scientists make up their minds." Anxiety can be reduced simply by restricting exposure to upsetting information or viewing it through a cloud of doubt.

Most people do not deny climate science, but use various techniques to blunt the emotional impact of the scientific warnings. We might "deproblematize" the threat by making its scale seem smaller, or distance ourselves from it by emphasizing the time lapse before the consequences of warming are felt. Narratives such as "Humans have solved these sorts of problems before" and "It won't affect me much" are effective. Alternatively we might divert attention from anxious thoughts and unpleasant emotions by engaging in minor behavior changes (like changing lightbulbs) that mollify feelings of helplessness or guilt.

Blame-shifting is a form of moral disengagement whereby people disavow their responsibility for the problem or the solution. Belittling out-groups can help solidify one's sense of self and ward off threats to it, a tactic in play

BLAME-SHIFTING IS A FORM OF MORAL DISENGAGEMENT

whenever we hear someone say: "China builds a new coal-fired power plant every week." Or we might cultivate indifference to global warming and its implications. Apathy is typically understood as meaning the absence of feeling, but it can often reflect a suppression of feeling that serves a useful psychological function. Who at times has not thought: "If I don't care, I won't feel bad"?

One of the most widespread methods of avoiding the full force of the warnings is to practice wishful thinking. Cultivating benign fictions can be comforting in an often unfriendly world, yet such fictions become dangerous delusions when they are clung to despite overwhelming evidence. The climate debate is rife with wishful thinking, deploying narratives such as "Technology – carbon capture and storage, nuclear power, biochar, geoengineering and so on – will save us"; "We've solved these problems before and we will do it again"; or simply "Something will come along."

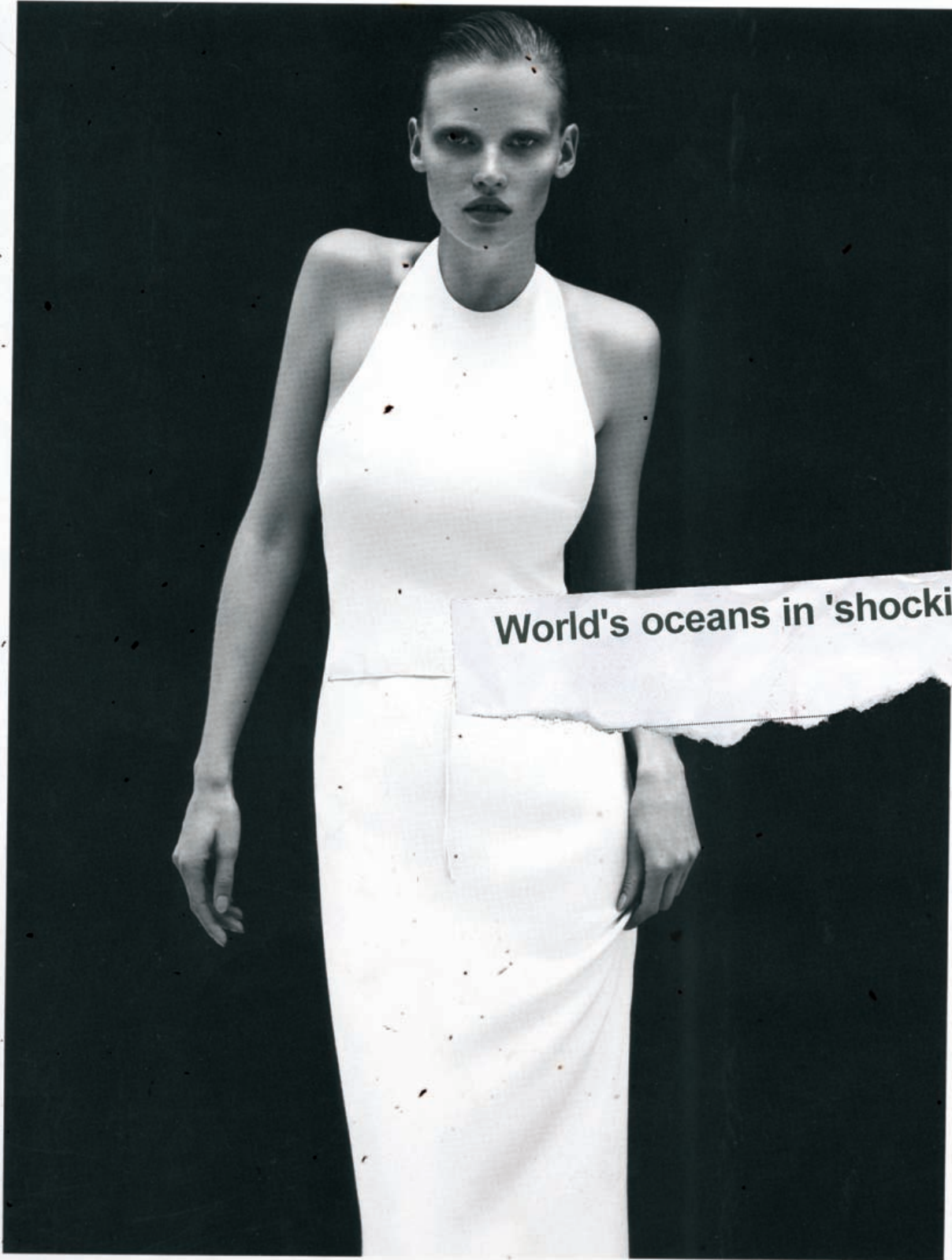
WE ARE LIVING

on the cusp of perhaps the second great tipping point in human history, and this is an awesome and chancy thing to experience. I can almost imagine myself in ancient Mesopotamia, following the advent of the written word, as if in a time machine, out of the cold and cyclical universe of oral memory and myth and into the spiraling torrent of history and civilizations. And then today, cruising in cyberspace among all the world's words and through all of its walls, I can see once-indispensable material technologies and territorial relationships, like books and nation-states, vanishing in a chain reaction of knowledge and technology produced by a global social brain that anybody can access but nobody can manage.

If people could soar like winged angels and demons, they wouldn't need cars or airplanes; and if they can surf for knowledge in no time and bind into communities unbound by space, then libraries and borders become irrelevant. Yet I can no more foretell the actual forms of knowledge, technology and society that are likely to result than an ancient Bushman or Sumerian could foresee how people could split the atom, frolic on the moon, crack the genetic code or bond unto death on the internet. (And anyone who says they can is just blowing smoke in your face.) But I'm reasonably sure that whatever new forms arise, they will have to accommodate fundamental aspects of human nature that have barely changed since the Stone Age: love, hate, jealousy, guilt, contempt, pride, loyalty, friendship, rivalry, the thrill of risk and adventure, accomplishment and victory, the desire for esteem and glory, the search for pattern and cause in everything that touches and interests us, and the inescapable need to fashion ideas and relationships sufficiently powerful to deny our nothingness in the random profusion of the universe.

AS THINGS NOW STAND, I SEE A CHANCE THAT POLITICAL FREEDOM AND DIVERSITY WILL TRIUMPH, BUT ALSO A CHANCE THAT A BRAVE NEW WORLD OF DUMBING HOMOGENEITY AND DEADENING CONTROL BY CONSENSUS WILL PREVAIL.

CALVIN KLEIN AD, *VOGUE*, MARCH 2011



World's oceans in 'shocking' decline

Calvin Klein
collection

FRIEZE, APRIL 2011



BY HERVÉ JUVIN

The great novelty of the early 21st century in Europe is that we have just invented a new body, one resistant to need, suffering and the effects of time. Resistant to the world too, the world of nature, of destiny. That body is the product of a century in which progress delivered men from the physical effort of tilling the soil, carrying burdens, struggling to live. The product of a century in which medicine learned at last really to cure, in which an abundance of goods and services liberated a majority of the

fortunate inhabitants of the Western world from need, while peace and prosperity enabled the greater number to forget heaven, their faith, their race and their party. It is the product of a West doomed to progress, through the ceaseless and ever more rigorous application of its technology to nature, to the world and finally to humanity. It is, for the first time, in keeping with wishes of women, freed at last from motherhood as an inevitability, a destiny and an obligation.

That invented body is the gift left to us by a century of iron and blood: the gift of a life doubled in length. And that body has established itself over and above our individual and collective choices. It has taken power.

The attention focused on the problematic effects of this phenomenon – anxiety about retirement pensions, worry about lifestyle, adoption of the precautionary principle, etc. – masks the happy reality of advances in the general state of health of the populations in Western Countries, of the physical well-being and material satisfaction of the majority. What we are discovering is the first civilization of well-being. Obsessive harping on the new freedom in relations between men and women that underlies the “revolution in intimacy” analyzed by Anthony Giddens distracts us from the more general transformation of relations with the body, with money and with other people that make abundance, wealth, peace and technical progress possible. The respectable citizen of the 21st century has a multiplied lifetime in front of him; he is also faced with choices that no one, anywhere, has ever had to make before – already glimpsed during the debates of the 1960s and 1970s on contraception and abortion, and the current ones on human cloning, homosexual marriage and parenthood (through adoption) for homosexual couples. Life is managed. Life is produced, and is constructed in the world of technology and method to such effect that nature is a taskmaster no longer, having become a mere argument; to such effect too that after a world of nature and destiny, we are discovering the world of choice: the world of the market. The responsibility is as intoxicating as it is frightening. Individual and collective anxiety over our ability to answer the questions posed by a longer lifespan distract our attention from the real issue: the respectable citizen of the 21st century is going to have to manage what no one has ever had to manage, a fund of life for which he is responsible, whose expenditure he controls, whose end he will determine.

How good it would be to be able to leave it at that! And how satisfactory, if this happy aspect of a heritage so burdensome in other ways should turn out to be unclouded by threats or challenges! The production of bodies and of life is certainly the first, but is also the biggest of the challenges posed by the 21st century. The data of space and time, the historical condition of humans in this century, are and will be irremediably upset by it; for the first time, the world's space is presented to us without the frontiers imposed on it by states, peoples and history, and without the laws of nature through which it imposed itself on us. For the first time, the categories of time that fixed the duration

of a birth, an education, a transmission, are disappearing along with the very notion of reproduction, education and transmission. The whole sum of human knowledge is just a few mouse-clicks away; neither forgetfulness nor forgiveness is possible with infinite memory; all the conditions of being here, of being together, are being scrambled and recomposed.

AFTER GODS, AFTER REVOLUTIONS, AFTER FINANCIAL MARKETS, THE BODY IS BECOMING OUR TRUTH SYSTEM.

This challenge places the body in a controlling position in the political, social, and economic and scientific fields; a new human condition is our lot. An anthropological transformation – fruit of the liberal project – that puts at stake the mass of human relations with other humans, with what was beyond humans and with what united them, and that they are now threatened with losing – to the benefit, it is true, of an unprecedented possession of themselves. But would self-ownership be worth the penalty of losing all that?

This novelty is a new frontier that separates us from the rest of the world and from our history so far. It may make it possible to foresee a future conflict between the civilization of the body and the civilizations of history. Those civilizations expect the passage of time and the rising of generations to lead to a better future, a revelation or a savior. They believe in a beyond that can only be preferable to this world and this

life in these bodies. What we expect is for time to stop, in a long-lasting little death: in the ecstasy of our wealthy, our well-being, our contentment with ourselves. And we hope secretly that those who announce the end of history are right, so aware are we that the century to come is unlikely to be better for us if it is different, so true is it that we have more to preserve than to build and more to protect than to conquer. We refrain from measuring the economic, political and social effects of a preference for the present that transforms democracy into a museum of what already exists, that prefers deliberation to decision, the rights of the individual to the will of the majority, and that is perhaps creating the conditions for the end of democracy by the very fact that it denies any idea of determining collective progress, and denies progress any right to influence individual life choices.

The absolute novelty of the early 21st century is that we have to manage both a body that has become our product, and an utterly unprecedented lifespan. From the viewpoint of a medieval serf or a courtier at Versailles, Buckingham Palace or Sanssouci, we have become alien. We are human, but no longer the humans they were. As indeed to us, our great-grandfathers in the trenches of 1916, our grandfathers from the Normandy landings of 1944, the forerunners of the Korean campaign and the Vietnam war, seem as foreign as beings from another planet. Just as our rosary-clicking grandmothers, and their grandmothers worn out by childbirth, housework and worry, subject to all the obligations of belief and appearances, are as foreign to our own mothers and wives as the women in prehistoric cave-paintings. We are worlds apart, not historical worlds but worlds of bodies, of the science and religion of bodies.

Their deprived and suffering body has become our performing one, a body for pleasure and an endless initiation into all the joys of living. And this body, its rhythm and its lifespan, are going to overturn our relations with money, our patrimony and provision for the future, as they have already overturned our relations with work, as they have already transformed our identity, our difference ... and as they continue to do.

After gods, after revolutions, after financial markets, the body is becoming our truth. It alone endures, it alone remains. In it we place all our hopes, from it we expect a reality that elsewhere is leaking away. It has become the center of all powers, the object of all expectations, even those of salvation. We are these strange, hitherto unknown humans: the people of the body.

THE YOUNG

business executive, the young woman consultant, who summarize their weekend by saying "I had a good time," or "I went completely potty at the sales," have the innocence of a confession of the obvious; both are on Earth to have a good time. Not to perform dazzling acts or aspire to heroism, not to occupy the place assigned to them by a higher order, not even to accumulate and pass on; just to get the most they can out of it. Recalling the Saturday shopping and its radical impact on the credit card, the evening with friends, the Sunday devoted to a long, health-restoring bike ride, they have little idea of the abrupt abandonment, in less than two generations, of the world of dues and bonds for the world of the self and rights. The real revolution is the one that has given everyone a taste of the privilege enjoyed by yesterday's aristocrat: his own pleasure, and nothing more. What is a lifetime that is not devoted to pleasure really worth?

The good life is the one you fancy. And the one your body fancies. But that body is a newborn one, new in the sense that it is promised to pleasure before being dedicated to the state or the lord, through war service, to the community or enterprise, through labor, to reproduction or even to simple individual survival. And its advent is also the advent of satisfaction, that central principle of economics, politics and morality. Taller for a start: the average size of the kings of France, judged by the suits of armor displayed in the Musée de la Guerre at the Invalides and the arrays of once-glorious scrap iron ranged along the galleries of great chateaux, is astonishingly small by our standards; we are giants compared to those midgets. It is stronger too, faster, better maintained. Our athletes make a mockery of their grandparents' feats of strength, skill and endurance. The slowest marathon runner in the French team would beat the Athenian who brought the news of the victory at Marathon by

BACKS STRAIGHTENING, SHOULDERS BECOMING MORE ASSERTIVE, HIPS MOVING FREELY, OPEN HANDS ... WAR WAGED ON THE SELF THROUGH ASCETICISM, PRIVATION, RENUNCIATION HAVE PREPARED THE GROUND FOR THIS, THE REAL WAR ...

an hour, and without dying of exhaustion. The fact is that the very object of performance has changed. At Nantes in the late 1960s, the poor cross-country skiers running round the Parc de Procé had to listen to their trainer, an Algeria veteran, repeating the motto "easy training, hard war; hard training, easy war"; war was still the ultimate male experience. Why should it not be the ultimate aspiration too? Athletics trainers used to extol training as a way of transcending pain; today they extol performance as near-ecstasy for the self, participation in the myth for the spectator. Man used to be born to work and suffer, or worse still to vanquish; now he is born, maintained and embellished to enjoy himself. War waged on the self through asceticism, privation, renunciation prepared the ground for another, the real war, in which individual frustrations were released at a single stroke on the battlefield; with the disappearance of all prospect of war on the frontiers (of the nation, of the faith, of the party), war against the self no longer has meaning. More than that: struggle must be waged against all frustrations; the satisfaction of all desires must be organized; pacification comes at that price. The morality of satisfaction is replacing the morality of repression. And the same morality weighs on the experience of labor itself: required to become pleasure, fulfillment, well-being, or failing that, a source of guilty conscience.

A detailed history of the transformations of the body visible in its public representations over the past 30 years, for example at work or in war, or in advertising imagery and showplaces – backs straightening, shoulders becoming more assertive, hips moving freely, open hands – would doubtless illustrate how the religion behind the end of religion, Christianity, by instituting the examination of conscience that led people to focus on themselves, and then by permitting and encouraging hedonist representations of the world as a compliment to God, favored the body's withdrawal from subjection. Rendering to God that which is God's and to Caesar that which is Caesar's was bound to empty heaven of its promises sooner or later; Caesar's share is quite enough for us. Probably too we should learn to see religion in history as the liberation of the body and of desire, through the image of the resurrection of the body, even though dogma still maintains the fiction of repression of the flesh ... to put it bluntly, the Christian religion versus the Vatican's word on condoms and divorce.

CALVIN KLEIN AD, *VOGUE*, MARCH 2011

654 Madison Avenue, New York
212.292.9000
calvinkleincollection.com

Carbon dioxide hits record high



I don't know if I should curse or celebrate Mert and Marcus, the fashion photographers who in their latest ad campaign for Calvin Klein have so viscerally caught the apocalyptic mood of our time? Look at the clenched fists, the contorted bodies, the ghoulish sunken eyes... I am in awe of this last desperate attempt to still sell the American dream even as the dark age dawns.

Kono Matsu



TECHNOLOGY

plays a powerful role in liberating the body from its old terrors and its apparent subjections; we had already been delivered from the burden of memory by the invention and diffusion of printed books; now we are promised delivery from intelligence, analysis and reasoning by machines that can think. The great struggle with pain that began with the market launch of aspirin (1899 in France) is ending victoriously, if very late; now anxiety, anomie and depression are the targets of new solutions combining cosmetics, pharmacology and psychotropic drugs. The current thrust of the neurobiological sciences challenges morality, to liberate the body from it. It explains some of the most complex human behaviors – religious faith, conjugal fidelity, long-term investment – in terms of pure cerebral mechanics. That is how the areas of the frontal lobes involved in religious fervor were accurately located; after brain operations, certain patients became mystical; others who had possessed faith were dismayed to find they no longer had any religious feeling. Much the same applies to sexual infidelity, the appetite for conquest and sexual delinquency (with some sex offenders the probability of reoffending is 100 percent; hence the proposals for surgical or chemical castration); purely a matter of cerebral mechanics, or so some neurobiologists claim! And the development of neuroeconomics, which tries to reconcile the science of living matter with economic science, explaining market fluctuations by reference to the cerebral modalities of long- or short-term choice, confirms it, or claims to. It is not in the immaterial but in the body that we must seek and find the laws of behavior, including the laws obeyed by operators in financial markets.

New, and stupefying, is the revelation that the body is rarer – more difficult to reproduce, extend or deputize for – than the mind. The digital revolution, information technology and artificial intelligence ensure the body's revenge on the soul, the mind and the other foggy entities in which religions, ideologies and mysticisms used to find a foothold. It promises to deliver us from such cumbersome virtues as application, merit and determination, which have done us so much harm. America has yet to learn from Europe that virtues kill just as surely as vices; more so perhaps. Our everyday reality is made largely by virtual, digital slaves who are learning very thoroughly how to dispense with memory, analysis, reason and judgment; so thoroughly that the possibility of attributing criminal responsibility to intelligent systems is currently being mooted; so thoroughly that some are already eyeing immortality via the fabrication of an intelligent avatar, a cyborg, equipped

with their memories, their intelligence and preferences. Information technology, by way of its enormous jumps in power and sophistication and its equally enormous downward jumps in cost, has arrived at the unforeseen: the suggestion of mental prostheses, prostheses of memory, skill or knowledge. The machine can substitute itself for the mind; indeed it is already doing so. At the end of a fantastic inversion, the thing that remains most human, irremediably human, is this body capable of suffering, capable of enjoyment, capable of feeling. That primacy of the body can deploy all the more smoothly when the imagination is effectively corralled by television and interactive games, when the attention focused on the world is channeled and diverted by the internet, when the media set the limits on judgment and when systems for producing representation, inquiry and images determine everyone's preferences ... the powers that be, authorities of every sort, can ignore the body all the more easily for the unprecedented grip they are guaranteed on the mind. Time was when schools needed a lot of surveillance to keep occupied for every moment of the day the bodies of children inclined by nature to all sorts of excesses: running, shouting, fighting, chasing each other; from the 7 a.m. bell in the dormitory to lights out at 10 p.m., not a minute without supervision, management, discipline. Now it takes nothing more than a games console, cable TV or internet connection to occupy the same children without respite, their digital excesses trouble no one.

Those who spoke of human capital used to divert quickly into immaterial capital: mind, intelligence, creativity, innovation, values. They were wrong. The body is all that remains to us of the real. The paths of the immaterial lead into the swamps of the soul. What centuries were lost there, what myriad lives wasted in the struggle with the self! The augmentation of human capacities no longer lies in a cultural and moral progress that the 20th century taught us to distrust – what nations were more civilized than Germany and Austria during the early 1900s, even up to 1930? – but in the technical improvement of the body's performances. Biotechnologies, nanotechnologies, the human capital – which will determine the economy of the coming decade – is complete in that body whose mind is its instrument, in its service, and never tires of ransacking the recesses of the intelligence for means to a more complete well-being and shortcuts to help unveil a new pleasure in living.

It is as if the body had emancipated itself from the state, the prevailing order, the group, at the exact moment that it is becoming more dependent for its production and reproduction on demanding and costly public systems. Piercings, voluntary mutilations, the

implantation of intelligent microchips under the skin, make it clear: my body is my property. *Usus et* (increasingly) *abusus*, but individual, my doing and not the king's, the general's or the law's. Encouraged by the ideology of human rights and its inconsistencies, the privatization of the body is the first and most important privatization: are there really any others? But interpretations of this shift are very diverse even inside developed states. Some US states still impose penal sanctions for some sexual practices between consenting adults. Every night in Berlin, Paris or London sees a widening of the long-hidden gap that causes fun-loving Westerners and militant humanists to feel that one side of the Atlantic loves weapons and death, while the other loves pleasure and life. To help judge this, try the Bar Bar in rue Championnet, the fetishist nights featuring Demonica and Electra at Sorlut's in rue Lepic, the 2 Plus 2 or the Kit-Kat Club in Berlin. Discussion of investment opportunities in "vice houses," centered on an Australian brothel, has even penetrated the august columns of the *Wall Street Journal* (in May 2004). At what rate of profit in percentage terms does the source of the dividends pale into insignificance? It seems impulsive to refer the matter to Puritanism or Protestantism ... and Berlin and Amsterdam, a long way off after all ... More than a nuance separates the two sides of the Atlantic: the break between a society of the project, which continues to treat the frontiers of the world and history as a challenge, and societies that would rather not know where their frontiers are, and see history as a succession of moments to be lived, without risk, without import and without meaning.

Across all these developments and disconnections a new form of truth, a new regime, is bringing about the advent of the body. To mention hedonism and leave it at that means you have perceived nothing of the world that is coming, the world of bodies. For the old-time Christian, for today's Muslim fundamentalist, the world of the faith, its apostles and saints, its rituals and intercessions, was more real than the world beneath his feet, the world surrounding him, but perceived only faintly, foggily, through the convolutions of belief. To the upright citizen of today, man or woman, the real is that which speaks to the body as sensation, as experience, as enjoyment or as representation. The advent of the body is fabricating a new reality, one that serves the body, comforts it and reaches out to it; and the world that is coming will be illegible, unworkable, to anyone outside the kingdom of the body, of its satisfaction, its desire, its well-being. A new regime of truth is under construction. The good, the true and the beautiful are being recomposed; a new reality is in labor.

IN EUROPE,

the work of leaving nature has been completed. Trucker and farm laborer do nothing to pump up their muscles: they pilot large machines though power-assisted controls in air-conditioned cabins, in touch by radio, listening to music on the stereo. Winter and summer go by without the fruit or vegetables on the table, the ambient temperature in the house, the available light for working or reading, reminding anyone of the season. Nature and the unchained elements are not frightening anymore; progress and technology are what have to be faced down now, because they are frightening the very people to whom they have given so much. A person can live an entire life without really knowing what physical exhaustion is, beyond tiredness, through confrontation with weight, distance, cold or heat, thirst or hunger, and the unraveling of physical and mental forces that it brings. Those fundamental categories of human experience, of the senses and emotions, that distance, weight and duration used to be have been turned upside down. Filipinos and Indonesians experienced September 11 live, just as if they were there. Africans and Asians claim to have acquired Jennifer Aniston or Brad Pitt as their best friend and role model, via a satellite network. Adolescents receive far more incitement, excitement and information from their games consoles, iPods or screens – TV, telephone, internet, computer – than from anything at all in the real world, parents and best friends included. The association of internet, mobile phone and credit card marks a rapid leap forward in extracting man from his environment and separating him from all natural determinants (distance, separation, delay, scarcity); from being the product of nature, he is becoming one who chooses and determines it. He was nature's product; now, in a confusing and murky inversion, nature is becoming his product. And because this new world of domination – imperialism, why not? – advances swathed in the colors of freedom, satisfaction and protection, it is being accepted generally without debate, without guilt, without scrutiny.

With victory over the environment complete, it remains to be achieved over genetics and biology: over the body. That is our present challenge. Meeting it will mean removing the body from the category of nature and making it a product of human activity; man is to become his own finest product. Cloned sheep, test-tube babies, organ banks and gene therapies, supplementary health foods and intelligent prostheses ... the revolution is already underway. Some of its consequences can be glimpsed, usually in the course of argument about some scientific experiment.

**HE WAS NATURE'S
PRODUCT, NOW IN
A CONFUSING AND
MURKY INVERSION,
NATURE IS BECOMING
HIS PRODUCT**

Outlets fleetingly open, quickly superseded and replaced by others, into a new world of bodies. A return to cobbled-up certainties about life, death, destiny, human nature ... cobbled, because the heaven of the gods and ideologies remains so dishearteningly empty, because no truth-bearing Word purports these days to reveal the true hidden meaning of things, of death and of life. Some of the elements of our historical condition have shifted, so that the experiences of the mystics, scientists, thinkers and sages who since time immemorial have most closely approached the secret of the common condition of humanity have drifted off into a sort of timeless weightlessness, because they are absent from our own historical experience. With every passing day, whether we want to or not, whether we know it or not, we are inaugurating a new human condition. Without knowing it, without wanting it, every woman who takes the pill, every couple awaiting the results of an amniocentesis, every man concealing his Viagra prescription, every regular traveler adjusting his body clock against jetlag with neuromotor stimulants, has crossed the threshold into this new world, without knowing what they are getting into; who does know, after all?

Abandoned as a project by worn-out political ideology, transformation of the human condition is becoming the objective of an improbable partnership between science and the market. Sterility, aging, menopause, impotence, psychic discomfort, strong emotion, are curable if the market says so and if the cost can be met. This revolution is going to give birth to a new economy, an economy whose *raison d'être*, whose object and production unit, is the body. Man is to become his own finest product. He will determine himself as a whole, from top to bottom, by himself and for himself. That is what we wanted. Without a plan and without a vision, that is our choice.

Hervé Juvin is a French economist, business intellectual and President of the Eurogroup Institute, a corporate consulting firm. Of Juvin's several books, the first to be translated into English is *The Coming of the Body*. This article is an edited excerpt from that work. Juvin's most recent book is *Le Renversement du Monde: Politique de la crise (The Overthrow of the World: Political Crisis)*

I DO THIS FOR
ONE YEAR:



Cocoa Puffs, Lee Price, Courtesy EVOKE Contemporary, Santa Fe, NM. evokecontemporary.com

☒ FEED MY BODY GOOD FOOD

☒ FEED MY MIND GOOD IDEAS

☒ BOYCOTT ALL MEGACORPS
AND CONSTRUCT A NEW LIFE
AROUND LOCAL, FAMILY, INDIE



#OCCUPY WALL STREET
SEPTEMBER 17TH.
BRING TENT.

**WHAT
IS OUR
ONE
DEMAND?**



PLAYTIME



Abstruse Goose, abstrusegoose.com



A NEW LANGUAGE OF EMOTION

After a nuclear reaction there is a moment where no information can be recorded. A sensory void ensues. Energy cannot be repurposed or redirected. The universe in that specific state at that specific time is dead. This physical phenomenon is called dead time. For some societies this nuclear moment has become a social pathology. For some people this void has become a lifetime. We can learn to live without dead time by learning to move from rationality to emotionality, to dethrone the stranglehold reason has on our lives. There is a way out. A new language of emotion is arising:



Ai Weiwei dropping a Han dynasty urn

Limerence:

the ability to search for transcendence, revealing true self from the noise of suprastructure.

Attunement:

the ability to enter other minds and learn what they have to offer.

Equipoise:

the ability to serenely monitor the movements of one's own mind and correct for biases and shortcomings.

Metis:

the ability to see patterns in the world and derive a gist from complex situations.

Sympathy:

the ability to fall into a rhythm with those around you and thrive in groups.

You have a world of pleasures to win, and nothing to lose but your boredom.







It's 4 in the morning

I get up fully dressed

In my hand a little bar of soap

Someone I love sent me

I go to wash up
I emerge from the hole we sleep in
I feel terrific
And happy to be able to wash up for the first time in three days
Then all clean I go get a shave
After that I blend in sky-blue with my blue uniform until night falls and it's a very sweet pleasure
To say no more about anything I do it's an invisible being doing it
And buttoned up and all blue now blended into the sky I disappear

Guillaume Apollinaire
(translated from French by Ron Padgett)

DAVID GRAEBER



There is very good reason to believe that, in a generation or so, capitalism itself will no longer exist – most obviously, as ecologists keep reminding us, because it's impossible to maintain an engine of perpetual growth forever on a finite planet, and the current form of capitalism doesn't seem to be capable of generating the kind of vast technological breakthroughs and mobilizations that would be required for us to start finding and colonizing any other planets. Yet faced with the prospect of capitalism actually ending, the most common reaction – even from those who call themselves “progressives” – is simply fear. We cling to what exists because we can no longer imagine an alternative that wouldn't be even worse.

How did we get here? My own suspicion is that we are looking at the final effects of the militarization of American capitalism itself. In fact, it could well be said that the last 30 years have seen the construction of a vast bureaucratic apparatus for the creation and maintenance of hopelessness, a giant machine designed, first and foremost, to destroy any sense of possible alternative futures. At its root is a veritable obsession on the part of the rulers of the world – in response to the upheavals of the 1960s and 1970s – with ensuring that social movements cannot be seen to grow, flourish or propose alternatives; that those who challenge existing power arrangements can never, under any circumstances, be perceived to win. To do so requires creating a vast apparatus of armies, prisons, police; various forms of private security firms and police and military intelligence apparatus, and propaganda engines of every conceivable variety, most of which do not attack alternatives directly so much as create a pervasive climate of fear, jingoistic conformity and simple despair that renders any thought of changing the world, an idle fantasy. Maintaining this apparatus seems more important to exponents of the “free market” than maintaining any sort of viable market economy. How else can one explain what happened in the former Soviet Union? One would ordinarily have imagined that the end of the Cold War would have led to the dismantling of the army and the KGB and rebuilding the factories, but in fact what happened was precisely the other way around. This is just an extreme example of what has been happening everywhere. Economically, the apparatus is pure dead weight; all the guns, surveillance cameras and propaganda engines are extraordinarily expensive and really produce nothing, and no doubt it's yet another element dragging the entire capitalist system down – along with producing the illusion

of an endless capitalist future that laid the groundwork for the endless bubbles to begin with. Finance capital became the buying and selling of chunks of that future, and economic freedom, for most of us, was reduced to the right to buy a small piece of one's own permanent subordination.

In other words, there seems to have been a profound contradiction between the political imperative of establishing capitalism as the only possible way to manage anything, and capitalism's own unacknowledged need to limit its future horizons lest speculation, predictably, go haywire. When speculation did go berserk, and the whole machine imploded, we were left in the strange situation of not being able to even imagine any other way that things might be arranged. About the only thing we can imagine is catastrophe.

David Graeber, an anarchist direct action activist, has been called “the best anthropological theorist of his generation.” The above essay is adapted from his latest book *Debt: The First 5,000 Years*.

**WE FACE A GIANT MACHINE DESIGNED TO DESTROY
ANY SENSE OF POSSIBLE ALTERNATIVE FUTURES**

ALLEN D. KANNER



I learned recently of a remarkable event that transpired in the small, rural township of Shrewsbury, Pennsylvania. On September 3, 2008, in direct defiance of state and federal law, its citizens passed an ordinance that banned corporations from dumping toxic sewage sludge in the town. The ordinance did not stop there. It also explicitly refused to recognize corporate personhood and instead recognized the rights of nature to exist and flourish. In essence, the citizens of Shrewsbury enacted a redistribution of rights, transferring power from large corporations to the local community and to nature itself. Although Shrewsbury was eventually forced to rescind the ordinance under threat of lawsuit, their efforts represent a model of social transformation with far reaching implications for the future of the planet.

Far reaching, in no small part, because Shrewsbury is far from alone. Since 1998, over 125 municipalities in the United States have elevated community rights over corporate interests by passing laws that ban corporations from building factory farms; fracking (drilling for natural gas); mining; extracting water for bottling; and dumping toxic waste. Over a dozen of these towns have also refused to recognize corporate personhood. Nearly two dozen have recognized nature's rights, with a dozen more such laws in the works. Last November, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania became the first large city to adopt this approach, passing an ordinance that prohibits corporations from fracking, denies the legitimacy of corporate personhood and recognizes the inherent rights of the natural world. Why have these often-conservative towns been compelled to take such radical action? The typical story begins with town citizens who decide to oppose a corporate practice that is devastating their local environment and community. After years of fighting for regulatory change they learn that interlocking state and federal environmental regulations are so heavily rigged in favor of corporations that they have no chance to succeed. Often in desperation, but now profoundly radicalized, the townspeople turn to the Community Environmental Legal Defense Fund, a nonprofit public interest law firm that helps communities draft local ordinances that directly place the right to local self-government over corporate profits. In recent years Global Exchange, an international environmental and human rights organization, has also helped activists pass these revolutionary ordinances.

As the citizens of Shrewsbury were going about their subversive ways, a similar spirit was percolating in South America at a nation-state level. Ecuador was rewriting its constitution to recognize nature's right to exist, thrive and evolve. This year Bolivia is poised to pass a set of laws that recognize nature as having *equal* rights to humans. Both these countries have large indigenous populations that have recently come to political power, and the indigenous perspective, which has long understood that all of Mother Earth has inherent rights, has risen to the fore.

WHEN NATURE'S RIGHTS ARE FULLY RECOGNIZED, CAPITALISM WILL NO LONGER BE VIABLE

A breakthrough moment for this emerging movement happened in April 2010 in Cochabamba, Bolivia when an international conference on climate change issued The Universal Declaration of the Rights of Mother Earth. The adoption of this powerful document is now under serious consideration at the United Nations as an alternative to market-based solutions to the environmental crisis. The declaration proclaims, "The inherent rights of Mother Earth are inalienable in that they arise from the same source as existence." It further states that conflicts between the rights of any beings, human or otherwise, "... must be resolved in a way that maintains the integrity, balance and health of Mother Earth." Laws based on the declaration would demand, for example, that if a corporation pollutes a river, the corporation is obligated *to the river* to restore it to full ecological health.

This legal paradigm shift represents a fundamental challenge to capitalism. When nature's rights are fully and equally recognized, the concept of property, private or public, is radically altered. Rather than owner and owned, a new relationship between people and the land emerges, one based on reciprocity, respect, even love. Within the context of such a relationship, capitalism, based as it is on the belief that humans are entitled to exploit the planet for profit, is no longer viable. At present, the movement for nature's rights is helping to connect ancient indigenous wisdom to major shifts in constitutional and national laws in South America, to grassroots organizing for community rights in the United States and to the vision of global peace and cooperation embodied by the United Nations. The potential of this groundbreaking idea has barely been tapped.

Allen D. Kanner is a leading theorist of the ecopsychology movement and a co-founder of the Campaign for a Commercial-Free Childhood.

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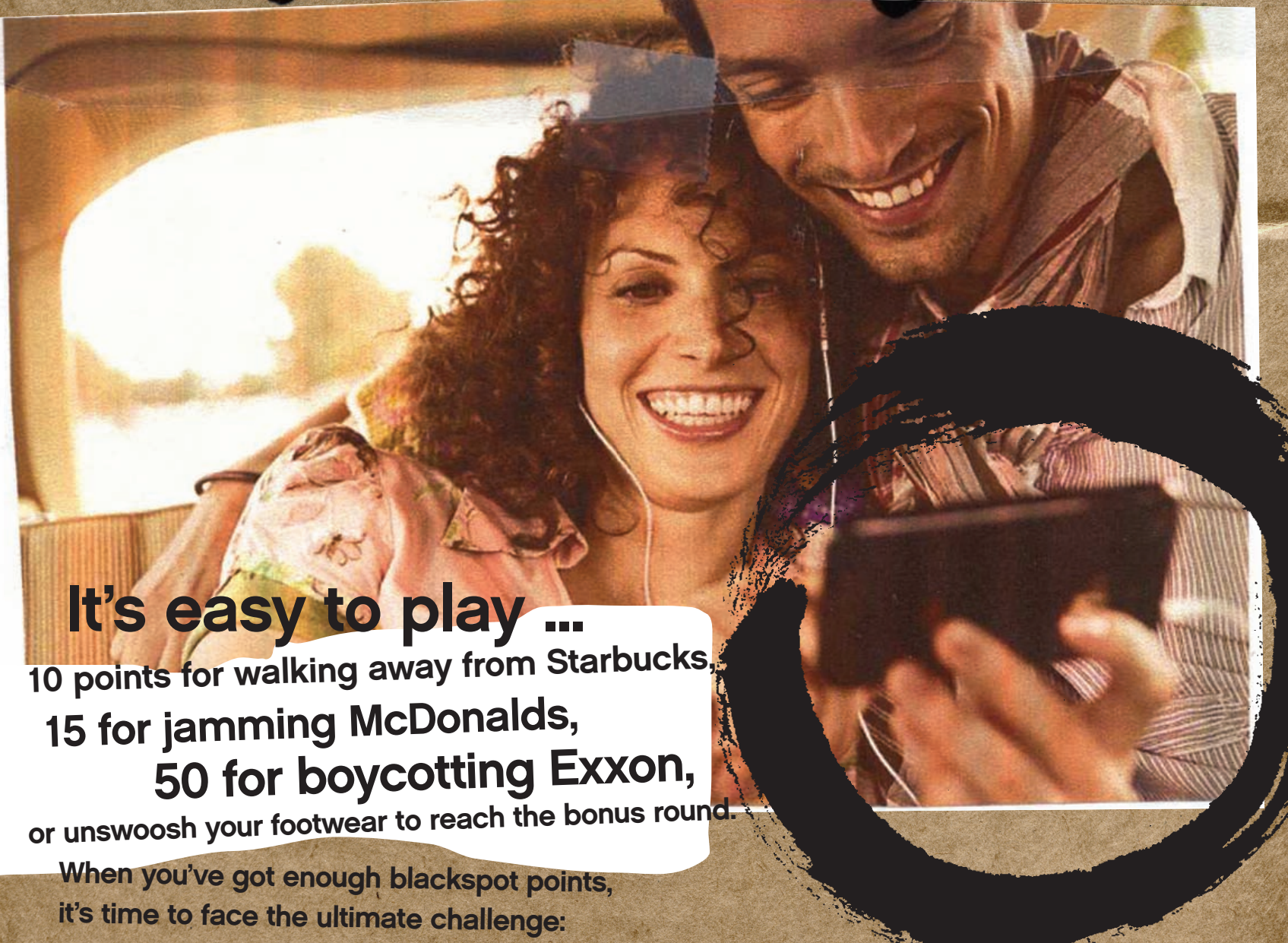
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ensuring that the future will compute.

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a man in soldier
GEO-TIME



Global intifada

A close-up portrait of Barack Obama, looking directly at the camera with a serious expression. He is wearing a dark suit, a white shirt, and a red patterned tie. The background is dark and out of focus.

3.

MY MIND HAS NEVER BEEN SHARPER

[A]. NOT AT ALL

[B]. JUST A LITTLE

[C]. SOMEWHAT

[D]. MODERATELY

[E]. QUITE A LOT

[F]. VERY MUCH

A BRIEF HISTORY OF THE MIDDLE EAST FOR DUMMIES

When the Ottoman Empire collapsed after World War I, the League of Nations ratified Britain's right to maintain its armies in the area and to rule Transjordan and Iraq, while France received rights to Lebanon and Syria.

In 1916, Britain and France had secretly agreed to this division of the Middle East, though this was a double cross of the Arabs, who had been promised one nation stretching from the gates of Persia to the Mediterranean as a reward for fighting the Ottoman Turks. Then, with Lord Balfour's Declaration in 1917, Britain compromised herself with yet another compact, this time with the Jews. For their help, Britain would give them a homeland in Palestine; and so Transjordan would be separated into two mandates, Jordan and Palestine. The mandates for Britain and France were to prepare their wards for democracy, though in fact this was classic colonial rule. After World War II, the appetite for colonialism waned and each mandate became an independent nation. The roots of the current confessional and territorial conflicts in the region emanate from these divisions.

Scott Atran, *Talking to the Enemy: Faith, Brotherhood, and the (Un)Making of Terrorists*



From the series, *Deconstructing Osama*. Joan Fontcuberta. fontcuberta.com

DARE TO ASK by Helen C.



Mr. President,
Why is it that, at virtually every critical stage of your presidency, you have chosen not to fight for what you believe in?

TOM FRIEDMAN AND DAVID BROOKS ON AMERICA'S DECLINE

"I personally think that we need a third party. I think we are caught in the middle of a corrupt duopoly that cannot get to the right answers anymore because of a lot of deeply embedded things that have happened to American politics. I think we need to blow this system wide open. I hope the Tea Party is just a precursor of something much bigger."

Tom Friedman on *Charlie Rose*

"I have made a career out of making fun of all the decline warnings that have happened over the last 30 years, but nonetheless I am more pessimistic now than I ever have been before. In part because we have a government problem. As Tom says, we have a duopoly, two parties growing ever more rigid, ever more incapable of functioning. And secondly we have a middle age problem . . . Mancur Olson wrote a great book called *The Rise and Decline of Nations*, about how as nations become more middle-aged they become encrusted with arrangements and habits and things which slow them down. And I think that's happening, certainly on a governmental level, the crony capitalism that is now the norm in Washington. And I think it's happening economically, the decline in small business formation, the stagnation of middle-class wages. These are long-term, not cyclical, problems. So I'm much more pessimistic than I was, and see a potential at least for some absolute decline without some sort of gigantic shakeup of the political system in the way Tom envisions. I don't see a third party there right now, but I hope so."

David Brooks on *Charlie Rose*

THE RISE OF THE TRUECOST PARTY OF AMERICA

Hey Charlie Rose, I still really enjoy the occasional wake-up moments you deliver like the ones above, but lately I'm feeling downright antsy sitting here night after night watching your TV talk show avoid the big questions. At a time when America is in economic, political and cultural free fall, where are the radical voices envisioning a new future? Where are the ecological economists, the outside thinkers, the voices from the far left and far right, the protest organizers, the anarchists, the downshifters and the indigenous sages? Where are Norman Finkelstein, Saul Newman, Manuel Castells? Damn it, Charlie, why can't you break out of your New York echo chamber every now and again and give us the next Ivan Illich, Michel Foucault or Malcolm X?

Kono Matsu

MATTHEW A. TAYLOR



Although the spin is hard to detect for the average reader, *New York Times* reportage of Middle East affairs is perniciously biased. In their seminal book, *Israel-Palestine on Record: How the New York Times Misreports Conflict in the Middle East*, Princeton professor Richard Falk and media critic Howard Friel argue that “the *Times* regularly ignores or under-reports a multitude of critical legal issues pertaining to Israel’s policies, including Israel’s expropriation and settlement of Palestinian land, the two-tier system of laws based on national origin evocative of South Africa’s apartheid regime, the demolition of Palestinian homes, and use of deadly force against Palestinians.” In other words, what is not said by the *New York Times* may be even more important than what is said.

In June of 2010, a year and a half after the Israeli military launched what a United Nations investigation described as “a deliberately disproportionate attack designed to punish, humiliate and terrorize a civilian population,” the *New York Times* sent a photographer into Gaza to capture a slice of daily life. Ethan Bronner, the *Times* Jerusalem bureau chief, wrote the narrative for the photo essay entitled “Gaza, Through Fresh Eyes,” in which he gushes about “jazzy cell-phone stores and pricey restaurants ... endless beaches with children whooping it up ... the staggering quality of the very ordinary.” Seemingly lifted from an apolitical travel magazine, Bronner’s article merely alludes to families who have been “traumatized,” and omits any mention of the UN allegations of recently committed Israeli war crimes and human rights violations. Other than an oblique reference to “destroyed buildings” and “rubble,” Bronner’s travelogue also elides the vast civilian infrastructure Israel destroyed during the onslaught, including chicken farms, a flour mill, a sewage treatment plant, a UN school, vast tracts of civilian housing, government buildings, a prison, police stations, TV stations, newspapers ... and between 600 and 700 factories, workshops and businesses. The impression left by Bronner? Gaza is an OK place; nothing remarkable to see there, least of all evidence of Israeli war crimes; move along, move along.

And yet, what is not disclosed is that Ethan Bronner is married to an Israeli citizen and has a son who is enlisted in the Israeli army. When news of these familial connections broke, *Times* public editor Clark Hoyt wrote an op-ed recommending that Bronner be reassigned to avoid any potential for bias. Executive editor Bill Keller refused, waiving the *Times*’s normally strict conflict of interest standards.

Times reporter Isabel Kershner is similarly compromised by elisions and distortions. When Kershner reported on Palestinian refugees in Syria who, in June 2011, nonviolently marched into the Golan Heights to protest, she failed to mention that the Golan Heights

ON ISRAEL, THE NEW YORK TIMES IS PERNICIOUSLY BIASED

is Syrian territory illegally occupied by Israel. No government in the world recognizes the Golan Heights as legitimately part of the state of Israel. Kershner also omits the fact that the Palestinian refugees’ right of return to their homes is enshrined in UN resolutions and that Israel has consistently violated international law in preventing the refugees from returning to their homes. Let us also not forget that at this nonviolent protest the Israeli army killed 22 Palestinian and Syrian protesters. In addressing the apparently overwhelming violence against unarmed protesters, Kershner reports: “Israeli officials say they tried every nonlethal method of crowd control at their disposal” before they opened fire “at the feet of the protesters,” implying that the killings were unintentional, and unavoidable, and defied the laws of physics. Kershner quotes none of the protesters as to what they saw. If she had, she may have heard what activist and eyewitness Salman Fakhreddin told independent journalist Jillian Kestler-D’Amours: “Israel decided to kill people in order to frighten them because Israel is afraid of the delegitimization of the state of Israel and Israeli policy in the international community.” By now it may not be a surprise to learn that Kershner is an Israeli citizen who is married to an Israeli citizen and who spent “a couple decades in Israeli journalism and Jewish education” before joining the American paper in 2007.

In large part because of Ethan Bronner and Isabel Kershner’s ahistorical, context-free, reporting-in-a-vacuum, the *New York Times* is to blame for what *Adbusters* has previously called “the United States of Amnesia.” American citizens are left unaware of Israel’s current and historical violations of international law and are thus unable to question their government’s multibillion dollar military giveaways to Israel, a state that just happens to be these two reporters’ adopted home.

Last year, Matthew Taylor, a writer and activist, disrupted a speech by Prime Minister Netanyahu with chants of “the occupation delegitimizes Israel.” Matthew can be contact at matthewtaylor.net

Can Canada ever be really great again?

Standing shoulder to shoulder with a 50 cal, Stephen Harper and his defense minister, Peter MacKay, share a macho moment in a pill-box in Afghanistan. They are each draped in ill-fitting combat gear, visibly pink from the heat. Above them, imported Canadian two-by-fours and green army mesh repel the Kandahar sun. The prime minister's glasses squish tightly under the brow of his helmet. The resemblance between him and the wise-cracking Joker from *Full Metal Jacket*, who wears a peace sign while on patrol in Vietnam expressing his belief in the duality of man, is uncanny. A photo is snapped as the PM points casually to the distance. Wearing a keffiyeh and squinting earnestly, MacKay to the PM's left is as puzzling to local mujahadin as Harper is to Canadian *Globe and Mail* readers – Harper is the first modern Canadian leader to visit a forward combat zone. Despite cause for a national double take, this projection of power is the type of cultural side-show that has led Harper to his first ever majority this past May. Today's Canada is not the one you think you know.

Rather than humbly going about the duties of a perceived benevolent donor state, Canada now uses its peace-loving progressive reputation to do anything but. Harper's recent comments at the G8, striking the reference to 1967 boundaries on Palestinian statehood, are part of a much larger dismantling of soft power Canadian identities – humanitarianism, public healthcare, restorative justice and environmental protection – underway since the Conservatives' first minority government in 2006. Establishing the army as the primary metaphor of his government has been key to this incremental takeover of values. With a heavy dose of gung-ho recruitment ads and strategic



military photo ops, Harper has sold a narrative that Canadian ideals are under attack by weak-minded socialist environmental ideologues and that only he can stem the tide. More shocking than the shift to this Republican-styled ideology is how quickly citizens have accepted it. In only five years Canadians have been surprisingly easy to convince that more prisons are needed when crime rates are going down, that global warming is a scientific conspiracy, that petty oil dictators are an urgent threat to Canadian families, that environmentalism is bad for the economy and that peacekeeping, the concept Canada invented, is, well, for pussies.

"If you want to be taken seriously in the world, you need the capacity to act - it's that simple," Harper said in 2008, ushering in a new phase of arms spending. "The Canada First Defense Strategy will strengthen our sovereignty and security at home and bolster our ability to defend our values and interests abroad."

To be taken seriously in Harper's view is to wield hard power: guns, tanks, missiles and the balls to use them. It is the type of power he admires in others and the kind that he believes, since Canada was denied a nonpermanent seat on the UN Security Council in 2010, will get Canada the respect it deserves. Accordingly, his party's expressed goal of destroying the Liberal brand – the Liberals are Canada's former ruling

party – has coalesced into an outright assault on the soft power reputation those same Liberals had nurtured internationally since confederation, a reputation signified by a strong commitment to the United Nations.

In a 2010 *Toronto Star* report, authors Dominic Leger and Nicolas Lemay-Hébert revealed that far from being a leader in international peacekeeping, Canada ranked a dismal 58th on the scale of manpower for UN missions – around 160 personnel on the ground – a handful more than Zimbabwe. (Afghanistan and Libya are NATO wars, not UN sorties.) Despite Canada having once been the world's leading contributor to UN peacekeeping in the 1990s, there is little concern on Parliament Hill. On the party trail back in 2003, Harper told supporters that "we will never subordinate the sovereignty of this country to the United Nations," and that Canada lacked "the courage to stand with the United States," in what was of course an illegal war and occupation – according to the UN charter. For those paying attention, the recent trends toward law and order at home and militarism abroad comes as no surprise. Those hiding behind some naïve notion of Canada's soldier-of-humanity peacekeeping identity are in for a wake-up call. Canada, like the USA, is a country at permanent war and its people apparently like it.

Darren Fleet



In 2007 I leaned up against a wall at Vancouver's Westin Bayshore Hotel listening to British Columbia's right-wing economic ideologue, Premier Gordon Campbell, deliver his economic prosperity doctrine to a room filled with the province's leading personalities. I loosened my tie and held my hands tightly behind my back so they wouldn't shake. I wanted to scream, "Lies, lies, lies, and more lies," but I didn't. I was afraid to lose my job. Campbell received a resounding ovation. There was a Diet Coke chilling in the food service staging area in the hallway behind the ballroom doors. I served it

to him when he took his seat at the head table. He smiled kindly and said, "Thank you." A few minutes later I served him dinner. The policies applauded at the conference led to the greatest childhood poverty rates in Canada since the depression. When Brigette DePape, 21, betrayed the trust bestowed in her as a Senate page to protest while the Governor General delivered Stephen Harper's 2011 throne speech in the Senate, a part of me broke free from the bondage of that moment.

Hotel Worker, Vancouver, Canada

UK Uncut channels outrage

The first time that I truly understood the profound impact that UK Uncut has made on Western activism was at a recent Mennonite peace retreat in the foothills of Dunlap, California. For ten years, this affinity group of three dozen committed activists, most of whom were over 60 years old, had been holding weekly peace vigils, writing letters to local newspapers and marching in antiwar protests. But now, hungry for a deeper level of action and feeling the ineffectiveness of their efforts thus far, they were captivated by the Uncut model. When I left the retreat these noble grandparents and community elders were on the verge of occupying a Bank of America, an effort, on the surface, far more militant than any they had done before.

I applaud this long overdue reinvigoration of global activism, and appreciate especially the return of explicitly anticorporate action, and yet while I listened to these well-meaning Mennonites mouth the rhetoric of UK Uncut, I grew increasingly wary. Time and again, the mantra was repeated that if the biggest corporations were to pay their taxes then the world could return to the “good ol’ days” before austerity. Johann Hari put it in precisely these exaggerated terms in the lead paragraph of “How to Build a Progressive Tea Party,” his extremely influential article in the February 21, 2011, edition of *The Nation*, a wishy-washy US lefty rag. “If they pay their bill, you won’t be forced out of your home,” Hari wrote, referring to the megacorporations. “If they pay their bill, your grandmother won’t lose her government support. If they pay their bill, our children’s hospitals won’t be slashed.” It is clear why Hari’s article became a sensation, perhaps doing the most to spread Uncut to mainstream liberal America: it promotes the same tired “progressive” illusion that cosmetic demands – greater educational spending or a black president – render fundamental social transformation unnecessary.

“UK Uncut channels outrage away from the sense that there is something wrong with the entire process back towards ‘guilty parties’ – bankers, CEOs, lying politicians,” argues Nic Beuret, a member of the UK-based collective The Paper. “This draws people back to a mode of political action premised on a kind of citizenship and a kind of governance that is now only a dream.” If Beuret’s analysis is correct, then rallying behind UK Uncut’s attack on “tax avoidance” only further entrenches us in a dependent relationship vis-à-vis corporations.

How shortsighted we have become? In Karl Marx’s day we spoke of funding social revolution through expropriation, forcefully taking ill-gotten riches away from the wealthy. Today we whine, plead and beg corporations into doling out money to support public services. Sure, we are “owed” that tax money but we have seen what effect corporate lucre has on everything it funds: a criminal “duopoly”



occupies Capitol Hill and lobbyists write the nation’s laws because the high cost of elections excludes all but corrupt politicians hooked on corporate campaign donations. At one time the media might have spoken out about the obvious collapse of democracy, but today their budgets are entirely beholden to advertising revenue paid for by the same corporations who bought the political establishment. Isn’t it obvious what will happen when budget shortfalls for education, public transportation, hospitals and parks are plugged by corporate money?

Bravo to Uncut for awakening our passion, but now let us put forth a demand that really shakes

the foundations of the global order: we want a world where civil society has its boot on the throat of megacorporations, not the other way around... a world where corporations are denied legal personhood and have far fewer rights than their human lords ... and where we, the demos of democracy, immediately revoke the charters and expropriate the property of any corporation that dares betray the public trust.

“We have to ask ourselves how we want to live,” Nic Beuret explains. “How do we govern ourselves, now that the fiction of modern politics has been revealed?”

Micah White

Clive Hamilton: Can Australia rally global environmentalism?

The consequences of ecocide are obvious in Australia. A hole in the ozone layer comes and goes above Perth, and Australians now have the highest rates of skin cancer in the world. The worst drought in 1,000 years killed the nation’s largest river and left Adelaide, the fifth-largest city, without enough drinking water. “We are talking about 1.3 million people who are not far off from becoming reliant on bottled water,” a South Australian MP observed at the time. Later, Queensland drowned under a flood of “biblical proportions” and health officials warned that booming mosquito populations are infecting disaster victims with dengue fever, Ross River virus and fatal Murray River encephalitis. And now, experts are warning that Australia will face food shortages in the near future. Australia truly is the proverbial canary in the ecological coal mine.

Adbusters asked Clive Hamilton, one of Australia’s foremost public intellectuals, whether he believes the nation could rise to the challenge of rallying the world’s response to catastrophic climate change.

Clive Hamilton: Australia is perhaps the Western nation hardest hit by climate change. The record 10-year drought was a huge warning, and during it Australians began to understand what global warming will mean for us and the world. But now the resolve to do something serious about our



carbon emissions has mostly evaporated. Over the past year I have watched Australians transform themselves from a citizenry worried about global warming, and asking for something to be done, into an outraged mob indignant to discover that their noble desire to protect the future means they must pay a bit more for petrol and power. Consequently, the Gillard Government’s carbon tax is a charade, and today climate change denialists are in the ascendant. They include the leader of the Catholic church, the chairman of the national broadcaster, the editor of the national daily and the alternative prime minister.

However, I am optimistic that there is one group that has too much at stake to believe the shock jocks, the conspiracy theorists and the anti-science big shots: young people. They get it. They are scared and can see through the selfishness, the money-grubbing and the ego-tripping. They know they are going to have to live with the consequences of the want-it-all vacillation of the great Australian public. I call on them to do something.

JONATHAN COOK



Ehud Barak, Israel's hawkish defense minister, has warned that the Palestinians are riding a "diplomatic tsunami," unleashed by the Arab Spring, that will lead inexorably to international recognition of Palestinian statehood and Israel's ever-greater isolation.

Benjamin Netanyahu, the right-wing prime minister and inveterate advocate of a Greater Israel, has shown the first, unexpected signs of wobbling. He shocked his Likud party in late June by declaring his sudden conversion to separation from the Palestinians – traditionally a policy of the Zionist left – to ensure “a solid Jewish majority” inside “defined” borders.

Meanwhile, Shimon Peres, the country's president and a bellwether of the national mood, concluded that Israel's future as a Jewish state was in imminent danger. Unless there was a peace agreement with the Palestinians, he said, “we're about to crash into the wall. We're galloping at full speed toward a situation where Israel will cease to exist as a Jewish state.”

The general anxiety in Israel is not misplaced. Ordinary Palestinians sense that the Arab Spring is loosening the chains of a confinement that has been overseen by Israel, the Palestinian Authority and the neighboring Arab regimes.

For decades the Palestinian people's dispersion has been enforced through the region's borders and Israel's walls, checkpoints and curfews. Now this infrastructure of fragmentation and exile no longer looks to be the impregnable obstacle to national liberation it once seemed – as the Palestinian refugees in Syria demonstrated by recently storming on two occasions the fences Israel has erected to maintain its illegal occupation of the Golan Heights. On Nakba Day, May 15, they were joined in their protests by other refugees, in Lebanon, as well as Palestinians in the occupied territories, who massed at Israel's most notorious checkpoints.

In this sense, the Palestinian leadership's attempt to reinvent its future through a declaration of very compromised statehood on a tiny slice of historic Palestine is already being superseded by the new revolutionary mood. The Arab Spring, Israel's leaders increasingly understand, is certain to fuel the ambitions of Palestinians not only to end the occupation but to restore their rights and dignity as a people after decades of dispossession and humiliation. This is a process that will be difficult to stop, let alone reverse.

In moments of occasional candor, Israeli leaders have admitted even before the Arab Spring that the real existential threat to a Jewish state's survival lay less in military defeat than in a gradual demographic erosion, provoked by the fear of such defeat. The logic was that a Jewish state requires a solid Jewish majority, which can only be sustained by maintaining the impression that Israel is a credible safe haven for Jews.

Until the democratic awakening in the region, Israel's primary concern in this regard was an Iranian nuclear bomb. In late 2006 General Ephraim Sneh, a long-time deputy defense minister, explained the defense establishment's view of the “existential threat” posed by Iran.

If Tehran developed a nuclear weapon, he said, “most Israelis would prefer not to live here; most Jews would prefer not to come here with families, and Israelis who can live abroad will ... I am afraid [Iranian president Mahmoud] Ahmadinejad will be able to kill the Zionist dream without pushing a button. That's why we must prevent this regime from obtaining nuclear capability at all costs.”

Like the Iranian nuke, the Arab Spring explodes the myth of Israel as a safe haven. It reminds Israelis that a Jewish state – in the sense of an ethnic fortress implanted in the Middle East to dispossess the natives and uphold its settler inhabitants' privileges – can never be accepted by its neighbors. Israel cannot survive as long as it refuses to accept its integration into a new Middle East. The Arab Spring pushes that harsh truth dramatically to the forefront of Israelis' consciousness.

Those Israelis least able to adapt to the new reality – the Ashkenazi elites who have traditionally run the country for their own benefit – are leading the exodus. Their children are already fleeing; typically, study trips to the US turn into permanent stays abroad. Former prime minister Ehud Olmert, for example, found himself under attack in the 2006 elections after it was made public that several of his five children were living abroad.

Despite Israel's reticence to divulge emigration rates, they are known to be high. The absorption ministry estimates there are 750,000 Israelis living abroad; others put the figure closer to a million.

In addition, official figures show that Israel's roughly six million Jews have an insatiable appetite for second passports. Or as veteran Israeli commentator Gideon Levy observed in the wake of the Arab Spring: “The foreign passport has become an insurance policy against a rainy day. It turns out there are more and more Israelis who are thinking that day may eventually come.”

The US has issued half a million passports to Israelis in recent years, with another quarter of a million applications pending. Europe, led by Germany, has issued hundreds of thousands more. One survey, conducted before the Arab Spring, showed that a third of Israelis had applied for a second passport or were planning to.

Netanyahu and other politicians understand that what is really at stake is not Israel's physical survival but its ability to entrench its “Jewishness” against the regional forces of a democratic awakening. That is part of the reason he has made such an issue of Palestinian recognition of Israel as a “Jewish state,” fully aware that no Palestinian could ever accept such a condition – unless they were prepared to submit to permanent subjugation.

Israel has been living on borrowed time and money, its army and its long occupation both heavily subsidized by the West. The Arab Spring is proving to be Israel's moment of reckoning.



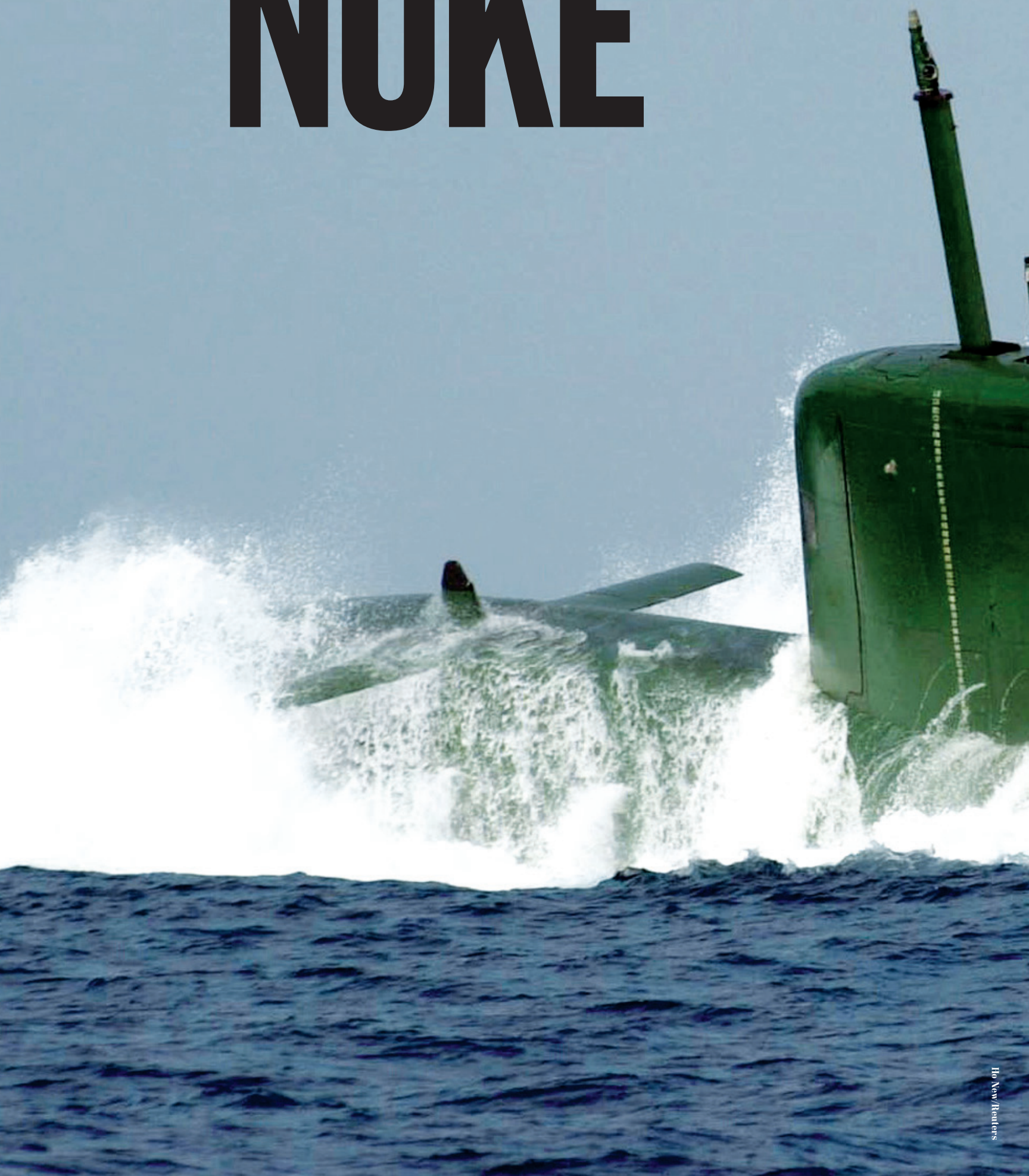
The nightmare scenario Israel has feared ever since the fledgling nation drove the Palestinians from their homes 60 years ago is now being played out: leaving behind the sprawling displaced person camps in Jordan, Syria and Lebanon, disregarding the danger of snipers manning illegal occupation barriers and with hearts set only on reaching their homeland, the long suffering refugees will simply start walking peacefully toward the border to exercise their 'right of return.'





The US has 10,400 nuclear warheads, Russia has 12,950, China about 240, France around 300, the UK 160, Israel between 60 and 200, India 60 or 70, Pakistan about 60 and North Korea five or six.

NUKE



OCEAN

Western naval intelligence sources report that three Israeli submarines are prowling off the coast of Iran. The same sources disclose that the German-made Dolphin-class subs have been heavily modified by Israel: their torpedo tubes enlarged to accommodate larger missiles, new electronics systems installed and fuel capacity expanded to keep the vessel at sea for weeks without refueling. Our informants report that Israel has also equipped the advanced subs with domestically produced 1,500-km range cruise missiles carrying 200-kiloton nuclear warheads and 135-kilometer range US-made Harpoon missiles also fitted with nuclear payloads. These atomic missiles, fired through the newly enlarged 650mm (26-inch) tubes, can reach Iranian targets, including capital city Tehran as well as suspected nuclear sites and Revolutionary Guards facilities. The Dolphins' expanded fuel tanks enable them to cover distances of up to 10,000 kilometers from their Mediterranean home port (instead of 8,000 kilometers heretofore) and spend more time – up to 50 days – stationed off the Iranian coast. Military observers explain that the submarines' provocative Persian Gulf presence endows Israel with guaranteed second-strike nuclear capabilities.



WHEN IT HAPPENS — AND REASONED ESTIMATES PEG THE ODDS AT 1 IN 10 THAT IT INDEED WILL IN THE NEXT DECADE — IT WILL BE SWIFT.

It could begin with a full-bore missile attack or with a conventional strike that metastasizes. But let us imagine that the nuclear war humanity has been courting for 60 years begins with a scenario proposed by national security essayist Peter Berkowitz. He tells journalist Ron Rosenbaum in the book *How the End Begins: The Road to a Nuclear World War III* to imagine not a strike on Tel Aviv that microwaves a million human beings and essentially erases the state of Israel. Instead: “What about if someone offshore from Haifa lobbs a watermelon-sized nuke that hits the city and kills 19,000 people.”

Berkowitz’s example scrambles the careful calculus of nuclear brinksmanship. And nuclear has always meant brinksmanship.

So say it happens. This could follow: Israel determines the culprit is sponsored by Iran, which it now considers not just a mortal enemy but an existential threat. Under cover of dark, Israeli jets scramble, cover 1,000 miles at Mach 2 and set upon Tehran’s government infrastructure, strafing and bombing everything in the Islamic Republic, but reserving the use of nukes.

By daybreak, Russia has rushed to stand shoulder to shoulder with Iran ... and threatens retaliation. The United States stands with Israel. Nuclear-equipped bombers are on notice. The Cold War didn’t end when the Berlin Wall fell; rather, it just downshifted. The Americans have been probing Russian radar capability for years, determining the seams to follow, undetected, to Moscow. And it was in 2007 that Vladimir Putin announced Russia would resume “strategic” (i.e., “nuclear-capable”) flights. On both sides, nuclear attendants, those jailers of doomsday, are on alert. If a head of state gives the word, missiles will fly inside of 20 minutes.

As sabers rattle, the calmer players on either side of that rivalry, those who have defused every nuclear standoff to date, work to soothe the monster. But within the week, a lunatic sees his window and puts another match to the smoking tinder. Maybe it’s North Korea,

heaving a crude nuke at Seoul. Or a cyber-attack merely *simulates* a credible false attack somewhere, thus instigating reprisal. Or, let us say, it is an atomic bolt from Pakistan aimed at Mumbai — or at Tel Aviv. Israel, Rosenbaum notes, has been dubbed “a one-bomb state” because a blast of a single megaton would render it a desert of death; and Pakistan, with its sandcastle of a government, has referred to its nukes, which may number 100 and which may or may not be under adult supervision at any given moment, as an “Islamic bomb.” With this second strike, Israel and perhaps the United States would be virtually compelled to retaliate in kind. A threat to Pakistan pulls in its ally China. Thus a regional conflagration ensnares superpowers, already twitching. Around the world, in all those charming cities you always meant to visit, people and buildings are flash-incinerated. And in a century or two, the historians of the post-nuclear world ask why this civilization was so hellbent on suicide.

(Incidentally, a one-megaton bomb, approximately 70 times as powerful as those the United States inflicted upon Japan in 1945, would do this; here is Vietnam-era US Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara, writing in 2005: “At ground zero, the explosion creates a crater 300 feet deep and 1,200 feet in diameter. Within one second, the atmosphere itself ignites into a fireball more than a half-mile in diameter. The surface of the fireball radiates nearly three times the light and heat of a comparable area of the surface of the sun, extinguishing in seconds all life below and radiating outward at the speed of light...”)

The world has courted this fate before. President Kennedy resisted the urging of his advisers to strike first against the Soviets during the Cuban Missile Crisis in 1962. Flocks of geese, a weather satellite and misinterpreted training tapes have given the Americans and Russians false-positive “attacks” over the years. A Russian colonel named Petrov watched in 1983 as Kremlin radar showed a massive American nuclear strike arriving over the North Pole. He hesitated to wake the

Soviet premier to authorize a counterstrike, sparing the world for long enough for someone to realize it was a technical glitch. Such momentary delays may continue to preserve life on this planet. At the point of launch, men have been known to quail, even in drills. That’s why, Rosenbaum reports, Cold War subs carried Tommy guns at the entrance to the engine room, to ensure compliance. Faced with the prospect of simply *pretending* to exterminate tens of millions of people, even trained soldiers and sailors revert to their humanity.

But whereas those near misses were played on a chessboard with only two nuclear actors, today’s game is populated by at least nine players in various states of desperation. The world now has fewer nukes but in more hands. Rosenbaum counts three likely points of origin for nuclear war. The first is the standby that we blithely forgot since the fall of the Soviet Union. Despite (watered-down) arms-reduction treaties such as the 2010 New START, the United States and Russia remain poised to order and deliver death for several hundred million humans in the time it takes to watch a sitcom. Those two nations, with military establishments still vested in maintaining their arsenals, hold 90 percent of the world’s 23,000-odd nukes in underground silos, in aging but active bombers and in submarines still lurking in the deep. The second flashpoint is the Middle East, which has greater will but less capability for Armageddon. (“There are a few people on the planet who sincerely don’t believe Iran is seeking the ability to produce nuclear weapons,” Rosenbaum writes. “The stone age tribesmen of Papua New Guinea, for instance, are perhaps blessedly unaware of the possibility.”) The third is Pakistan, with its blend of martyr-ready fundamentalism and perpetual nuclear yard sale.

The old bipolar equations that by dint of continued luck and blips of conscience kept the Cold War cold are now a cat’s cradle of strategic concerns. Consider, as Rosenbaum does at length, a nighttime aerial strike in the summer of 2007 that saw Israeli jets destroy a

Syrian site that was, by the determination of Israeli and American intelligence, a nuclear reactor of North Korean design able to render radioactive material fissile. Israel viewed it as enough of a threat to snuff it, damn the torpedoes. Russia must have been aware of the raid; had Israel gone any further than to target the single facility, matters could have become grave. Instead, both Israel and Syria, perhaps even by explicit agreement, quashed any escalation by shutting up. A *Spectator* report a month after the incident quoted a senior British ministry official: "If people had known how close we came to World War III that day there'd have been mass panic."

The devil remains in the return fire. Rosenbaum canvases some of the most influential nuclear thinkers in the United States and finds blessedly scant moral justification for a retaliatory nuclear strike. The reluctance of Israel or the United States to follow a first attack with nuclear force may be all that prevents genocide if Syria or Iran succeeds in striking Tel Aviv. Yet the paradox of deterrence holds that even if you, as a nation, as humanity, oppose the incineration of millions of innocent citizens of an aggressor state, you cannot publicly rule out the use of responding in kind, lest you invite that cataclysmic first strike. Israel has conspicuously leaked, in pornographic detail, the specs of its German-built submarines that, if the reports are to be believed, hover in the Persian Gulf to ensure that if the Iranian regime ever decides to initiate a second Holocaust, Israel will be able to strike from beyond the grave, notwithstanding Hillary Clinton's assurance that the United States would also burn down Iran if it nuked Israel. Rosenbaum surmises that the Holocaust denialism by Mahmoud Ahmadinejad and others is an attempt to bleach history, to make a first strike somehow less politically and morally repugnant. The "secondness" of a second Holocaust renders such an attack all the more wicked. Israel is so poignantly aware of this possibility that it keeps the Isaiah scroll, one of the Dead Sea Scrolls, in a case that retracts deep into the ground and which can supposedly withstand a nuclear blast.

The moral abhorrence against nuclear retaliation could be all that spares us from World War III in the event that a security breach or a cyber-attack or a madman at the trigger or a misplaced flock of geese provides apparent just cause to launch. The philosopher Moshe Halbertal tells Rosenbaum: "You cannot save

your life at the expense of actual targeting of innocent people." Nuclear strikes necessarily smear the distinction between combatants and civilians, burying their true human cost in the anesthetized euphemism of bureaucracy: attacks on "countervalue" targets or "economic infrastructure" – what you and I would call "cities" – or talk of "damage limitation" for what amounts to a preemptive nuclear attack.

But make no mistake, a nuclear strike, even one that is ostensibly provoked, will incinerate millions of people, poison millions more, starve millions more, and possibly deprive the remainder of a functional civilization. A nuclear exchange, Rosenbaum estimates soberly, might directly kill one billion people. It

would erase any distinction between combatants and noncombatants. It therefore follows the guiding principle of terrorism, which conscripts innocents at the point of their maiming or murder. It is the indiscriminate dispensation of horror, and it is the stated policy of the world's most heavily armed nations.

Sam Eifling, an American, is a master's candidate in journalism at the University of British Columbia. His writing has won regional and national awards from the Society of Professional Journalists.

CAN WE TRUST THIS MAN WITH NUCLEAR WEAPONS?

There is a dangerous nuclear double standard in the Middle East. Condemning Iran's overt nuclear ambitions on the one hand, while supporting Israel's secretive possession of nukes on the other is untenable. A nuclear-free Middle

East is the only sane solution. Tell President Obama that as part of his strategy for a nuclear-free world you want him to start with a nuclear-free Middle East.
president@whitehouse.gov

Uriel Sinai/AFIP Photo

Imagine journalists, politicians and diplomats starting their day by reading this 1/6 page wake up call in the Op-Ed page of the *New York Times*. This could be a crucial step towards global peace and we've already raised \$5,500 from many people who agree. But we're still \$15,000 short. Can you pitch in to our campaign fund? Go to adbusters.org/donate or email kono@adbusters.org



drinking
a bowl of
green tea
I stop the war

*The society that abolishes
every adventure makes its own
abolition the only possible adventure.*





TO LIVE WITHOUT DEAD TIME

means to embody a great refusal, to find pleasure in struggle, to transform every moment of existence into a repudiation of the consumerist nightmare and an affirmation of revolutionary possibility. A semester, a year, a decade without Big Macs, Frappuccinos and World of Warcraft but overflowing with midnight adventures of blackspiffed billboards, guerrilla gardening and spectacular synchronized global memewar actions. Imagine if a huge number of us start living in this way, turning daily life itself into a form of resistance that re-enchants the city and reawakens the promise of a people's insurrection. The way forward is through this kind of radical play.

LESSON OF



I would like to talk about something that everybody knows, but that, so it seems, no one has the boldness to say. That is, that the time for indignation is over. Those who get indignant are already starting to bore us. Increasingly, they seem to us like the last guardians of a rotten system, a system without dignity, sustainability or credibility. We don't have to get indignant anymore, we have to revolt.

INSURRECTION

ON BY FRANCO BERARDI BIFO

To me the word insurrection means to rise up; it means to assert our dignity as human beings, as workers, as citizens, in an uncompromising way. But it also means something else. It means to fully unfold the potency of the body and of collective knowledge, of society, of the net, of intelligence. To entirely unfold what we are, in a collective way. This is the essential point. Those who say that insurrection is a utopia are sometimes cynics, sometimes just idiots. Those who say that it is not possible to revolt, do not take into account that, to us, almost everything is possible. Only, this "almost everything" is subjugated by the miserable obsession for profit and accumulation. The obsession for profit and accumulation led our country and all European countries to the verge of a terrifying catastrophe into which we are now sinking, and we should realize we are already quite far into it. It is the catastrophe of barbarism and ignorance.

In Italy, the reform of the Berlusconi government and of his crawlers has already taken 8 billion euros away from the school, university and the education system, and soon it will take away even more. In the face of this devastation and barbarization, we cannot continue complaining. We must say: "First of all, you all have to go, then we will take care of the rest." They have to go, just like the citizens of Tunis and Cairo said. I don't know how it will end up, but I know that they revolted and they won. What did they do? They said: "We won't leave this place ... We won't leave this square, we won't leave this station, we won't leave this parliament ... We won't leave until the tyrant and his crawlers go." This is what we have to say, what we have to do. By the end of 2011, this is what has to happen in Italy. We will occupy the central train stations in Milan, in Bologna, and we will hold them until the tyrant and his lackeys flee.

But the tyrant and his crawlers are not the real problem. The real problem is an obsession embodied in financial power, in the power of banks and in the idea that the life of society, the pleasure, well-being and culture of society is worthless. They say the only things that matter are accounting books and the profits of a minuscule class of exploiters and murderers. From our point of view, at the moment, these two problems, that of the tyrant and of his crawlers and that of the European financial dictatorship are one single problem.

Power today, true power, is no longer held in Rome. Economic, social and financial decisions over individual countries such as Italy, France, Portugal or Greece are no longer taken by national parliaments. They are taken by a finance committee, formally constituted at the European level. This is the rule and the ferocious application of the neoliberal, monetarist principle. It is in the name of growth, of accumulation and profit at the European level, that you are forced to live a shit life. And your life will be more and more of a shit life if you do not rebel today, tomorrow, immediately!

They say insurrection is a dangerous word. I repeat: arms are not implicit in the word insurrection, because arms are not our thing for a number of reasons. First of all because we don't know where they are kept, secondly because we know that somebody has them, thirdly because we know that there are professional armies ready to kill, like they killed in Genoa in 2001 and many other times. So this is not the kind of confrontation we are looking for. We know that our weapons are those of intelligence and critique, but also the weapon of technology. For example, we have learned WikiLeaks's lesson and we know that it is not only a lesson on sabotage and information. It is also a lesson about the infinite power of networked intelligence. This is where we will restart. We know how to do it, how to enter your circuits, how to sabotage them, but we also know how those circuits – which are not really yours, but are rightfully ours – can be useful for our wealth, our pleasure, our well-being, our culture. These uses could be the purpose of those circuits that the collective intelligence produced and that capitalism stole, privatized, and now uses against us. This is the meaning of insurrection: to take possession of what is ours and to awaken the collective body that for too long has been paralyzed in front of a screen and needs to find itself alive again in a Tahrir Square.

**THE TIME HAS COME
FOR THE SOCIETY OF
EUROPE TO BECOME,
ONCE AGAIN, WHAT IT
COULD HAVE BEEN IN
SEVERAL MOMENTS
OF ITS HISTORY:
PURELY AND SIMPLY A
CIVIL SOCIETY.**

American journalist Roger Cohen wrote in a clever article: "Thank you Mubarak, because with your resistance you allowed the Egyptian people, who hadn't talked to each other for years, to stay in that square for weeks and weeks." As in war, in revolutions there are moments of boredom, and during those moments what is there to do? Talk to each other, touch each other, make love. Discover the collective body, which has been paralyzed for too long. We will say "Thank you Berlusconi," after weeks spent fighting on the streets of Italy. Afterward, from the moment when the collective body has awoken, the process of self-organization of the collective mind will begin. This is the insurrection I am calling you to. There are millions of us thinking this way. So the next time 300,000 of us take to the streets, let's not go back home at the end of the day. Let's go on the streets with our sleeping bags, knowing that on that night we won't sleep in our beds. This is the first step, this is the step we must take. It's easy! Then, the rest is complicated...

In London, but also in Paris, Brussels, Berlin, Prague, Barcelona, Madrid, Bologna, Milan and many other cities, we will do something very simple: we will dress smart, go to the offices of a bank, sit on the ground, take out a banana, a cappuccino and a panini, just like civilized people do, and we will talk about molecular biology, about Goethe; we will read Faust, we will recite poems by Rainer Maria Rilke; someone will talk about the poetics of Kandinsky and someone else about nuclear physics. This is what we must do in 40 European cities.

The time has come for the society of Europe to become, once again, what it could have been in several moments of its history: purely and simply a civil society.

In music, the hegemony of the 2/4 & 4/4 beat must be overthrown. We need a new music, totally insane but life-affirming, rhythmically subtle yet powerful.



Demonstrators play chess inside their camp during a protest in Madrid's puerta del sol square, May 2011.

MANUEL CASTELLS



And all of a sudden the hollow singsong of the electioneering speech became unbearable. In the midst of an unceasing crisis, with 21% unemployment, 45% youth unemployment, cuts in living standards for many and fat profits for a few, impunity for the corrupt and privileges for a caste of untouchable politicians, the disgust became a network.

A little before the municipal elections on May 22, nolesvotes.org [literally, don't vote for them. org] had 700,000 unique users, 154 blogs and 641,000 results on Google. In that atmosphere of outrage were germinated the ideas for the manifesto of Democracia Real Ya, a collective created in Madrid, which ended by saying: "An Ethical Revolution is necessary. We have put money above human beings and we must put it at our service. We are people, not products of the market. For all of the above, I am outraged. I believe I can change it. I believe I can help. I know that united we can do it. Come out with us. It's your right." And on May 15 they came out, tens of thousands of them, in Madrid, Barcelona and many other cities. At the end, in Madrid a few spent the night in the Puerta del Sol, and the following day some more in Barcelona on the Plaça de Catalunya. They talked, they dreamed and they tweeted their networks of friends. The next day they were hundreds. Then thousands. When they were evicted from the Puerta del Sol, many thousands more came. So many that when the Electoral and Constitutional Boards declared it illegal to "call for a responsible vote" during the day of reflection, the police could not impose it. The size of the *acampada* made it unviable. The *acampadas* proliferated in Spain and they extended through the world. On May 25, after the elections had been received with total indifference in this emerging society, despite the fact that it signaled the total collapse of really nonexistent socialism, there were 706 *acampadas* registered on the map of the globe. (www.thetechnoant.info/campmap/)

They keep appearing as each locality adds its peaceful, festive and protesting demonstration to the networks weaved between cyberspace and urban space. Media attention helped to broadcast a phenomenon that everyone was in a rush to label, but that few politicians dared to condemn for the moment. It was not a case of the usual suspects. They come from all corners, conditions, ages and social groups. Look at the photos on Flickr (acampadabcn.org) to see the diversity. It soon became clear that there were no leaders. If anyone tried to be one, the *acampada* deauthorized it. While they were grateful for the services done by Democracia Real Ya, the campers did not accept any logos. In *Acampadabcn* it was decided that each person represented herself. Everything is worked out through functional, theme-based, autonomous multiple commissions, coordinated by an intercommission whose members rotate. The decisions that affect everyone go through the assembly at the end of the day. Motions, organization and tactics are debated. They are intense debates, carried out with respect, creating a new dynamic of gestures to avoid noisy expressions (in the spring air fluttered the hands that wave, yes or the sullenly crossed arms of the noes). Swearing was forbidden. Drinking was counseled against, drugs rejected, though the matter is under debate. Any hint of violence is controlled; in the first ten days there was only one incident. Nonviolence is a basic principle assumed by all, tested when the authorities have grown tired of being overridden and have taken to dishing out beatings.

Once the elections were over, the movement extended, concretized and deepened. It extended through other cities and decentralized itself into neighborhoods, sketching out mini-*acampadas* that could even reach as far as places of work. It concretized with each *acampada* deciding its own objectives; and its organization and demands were decided. And it deepened through a growing concentration on the programmatic elaboration of objectives. On May 25, *AcampadaSol* released a document synthesizing the motions approved by the assemblies since May 16: elimination of privileges of the political class; measures to tackle unemployment, including job sharing and the rejection of the rise in the retirement age as long as there is youth unemployment; right to housing, including the expropriation of unsold housing stock in order to place it on the market under a program of protected rents; quality public services, including the elimination of wasteful administrative spending, the hiring of health and education workers, cheap and eco-friendly public transport; control over banks, constituting a public banking system under the control of society, with those entities that go bankrupt returning to public funds the capital they have received; fiscal reform, raising taxes on the very wealthy and on banks, and controlling fiscal fraud and capital movements; civil liberties and participative democracy, starting with the abolition of the *Ley Sinde*, which restricts internet freedom; protect freedom of information and investigative journalism;

THEY TALKED, THEY DREAMED, THEY TWEETED.

modifying the electoral law to put an end to political discrimination, including the representation of the null and blank votes; judicial independence, internal democracy in the political parties; reduction in military spending.

I cite these objectives to emphasize how concrete and reasonable they are, even though the immediate utopia of a different life is also present in many minds. But what is transformative is the process more than the product. It is the elaboration in open commissions and the decision taken in assembly. It is a new politics for exiting the crisis toward a new way of life built collectively. A slow process because, as a poster reads in Barcelona, "we're going slowly because we're going far." So those who minimize the *wikiacampadas* still do not understand how profound they are. They may leave the squares, to return to them periodically, but they will not leave the social networks and the minds of those who participate. They are no longer alone. And they have lost their fear ... because they discovered new forms of organization, participation and mobilization that burst the traditional channels belonging to those whom a large section of society, and the majority of young people, distrust. Parties and institutions will have to learn to live with this emerging civil society. If not, they will hollow out from the inside while citizens move from *wikiacampadas* to that networked democracy yet to be discovered in a collective practice that finds its root in every person.

Manuel Castells's three volume, *The Information Age*, attempts an encompassing theory of the network society and the "informational guerrilla movements" who resist it. The above essay was translated by Hugh Green and originally appeared in *La Vanguardia*.

University students in Barcelona protest austerity measures taken to end Spain's debt crisis, June 2011.

SAUL NEWMAN



As if in anticipation of future insurgencies, the power of the state has exponentially increased in recent years. Securitization becomes the dominant paradigm of the state – the matrix for an unprecedented deployment of strategies and technologies of control, surveillance and preemption, and for a permanent war-like mobilization.

The continual blurring of different forms of dissidence and protest into the idea of a threat to state security – climate change and antiwar protesters and activists being arrested under antiterrorist powers, for example – suggest that the so-called war on terrorism has as its target all those who dissent from the state-capitalist order. At the same time, however, we should see this logic of securitization and exception as a reaction to a certain crisis in the symbolic order of the nation-state under conditions of capitalist globalization. This nation-state as the container of sovereignty is less certain; its boundaries and identity are less clearly delineated. Security therefore, becomes a way for sovereignty to re-articulate itself in this more fluid global order. Through mechanisms of security, state power spills out beyond its own borders, constructing networks of surveillance, incarceration, control and war-making that are no longer strictly determined by national boundaries. Prisons are not prisons but camps, wars are no longer wars but “policing” operations; global networks of surveillance and information-sharing ... We are in the midst of, as Agamben would put it, a zone of indistinction, in which national sovereignty blurs into global security while at the same time reifying and fetishizing existing borders, and erecting new ones everywhere.



YOU CANNOT CARRY OUT
FUNDAMENTAL CHANGE WITHOUT A CERTAIN
AMOUNT OF MADNESS. IN THIS CASE, IT COMES
FROM NONCONFORMITY, THE COURAGE TO TURN
YOUR BACK ON THE OLD FORMULAS, THE COURAGE
TO INVENT THE FUTURE. IT TOOK THE MADMEN
OF YESTERDAY FOR US TO BE ABLE TO ACT WITH
EXTREME CLARITY TODAY. I WANT TO BE ONE OF
THOSE MADMEN. WE MUST DARE TO
INVENT THE FUTURE.

Thomas Sankara

These developments open up two important sites for contestation. First, the logic of security itself, which has become so ubiquitous and omnipresent today, has to be seen as a mechanism of depoliticization: it is a way of imposing a certain order on social reality which is self-legitimizing and beyond question; it is an ideology that authorizes the infinite accumulation of state power. Moreover, as Foucault showed, the idea of security – as it functioned in liberal discourses of government in the 18th century – has become coextensive with the idea of freedom itself. Today we have come to think of freedom only as strictly circumscribed by security; freedom and security become part of a binary, in which the former cannot be imagined without the latter, and in which the former always gives way to the exigencies and prerogatives imposed by the latter. The liberal idea of an appropriate balance between security and liberty is an illusion. The only vision the security paradigm offers us – with its pernicious technologies and its perverse logic that grips us in a double bind – is an empty, controlled, overexposed landscape from which all hope of emancipation has faded and where all we have left to do is obsessively measure the risks posed to our lives from the ever-present specter of catastrophe. The

security paradigm intensifies a micro-politics of fear, producing a kind of generalized neurosis. It is against this state fantasy of security, and the affect of the fear and despair that it produces, that radical politics must stake out its ground. It must reassert the hope of emancipation and affirm the risk of politics. This involves more than clawing back lost liberties, but rather inventing a new language of freedom that is no longer conditioned by security. Freedom must be discovered beyond security, and this can be achieved only through practices of political contestation, through forms of resistance, through modes of collective indiscipline and disobedience. For instance, the refusal and subversion of surveillance, and even the surveillance of surveillance, become part of a new language or resistance that expresses the desire for a life that no longer seeks to be “secured.”

The chasm between ordinary people and political elites has never seemed wider or more stark. Therefore the appearance of social movements on a global scale suggests the attempt to constitute an alternative political space, a new body politic: no longer the body of obedient citizens who respect the formal democratic mandate of power, but rather a rebellious, dissenting body – citizens who do not obey and who refuse to recognize the authority of those who represent them, thus breaking the bond between the subject and the state. Therefore the anticapitalist movement challenges not only the hegemony of neoliberal capitalism but also the symbolic claim of the “democratic” state to speak for its citizens. Radical movements today are not post- or anti-democratic, however: they simply find the current forms of democracy on offer inadequate, and seek to open the political space to alternative and more democratic modes of democracy.

Democracy today consists in the invention or reinvention of spaces, movements, ways of life, economic exchanges and political practices that resist the imprint of the state and which foster relations of equal liberty. The struggles that take place today against capitalism and the state are democratic struggles. At the same time, however, we might sound a certain note of dissatisfaction with the term “democracy.” We can echo Bakunin, who finds the term democracy “not sufficient.” As Derrida himself said of democracy: “[A]s a term it’s not sacred. I can some day or other, say, ‘No, it’s not the right term. The situation allows or demands that we use another term...’” The situation is changing, and the new forms of autonomous politics that are currently emerging demand the use of another term: anarchism.

Shipwrecked on the craggy shores of state power, anarchism is now moving to the forefront of our political imagination. There has been a certain paradigm shift in politics away from the state and formal representative institutions, which still exist but increasingly as empty vessels without life, and toward movements. Here new political challenges and questions emerge – concerning freedom beyond securities, democracy beyond the state, politics beyond the party, economic organization beyond capitalism, globalization beyond borders, life beyond biopolitics – challenges and questions that anarchism is best equipped to respond to with the originality and innovation that our new situation demands.

Saul Newman is a post-anarchist political philosopher whose anti-authoritarian perspective is an important counterbalance to the influence Leninist Slavoj Žižek and Maoist Alain Badiou have exerted on the far left. This article is an edited extract from Newman’s just-published book, *The Politics of Post Anarchism*.



A landless indigenous peasant clashes with Brazilian police in the Amazon, March 2008.



when there are no more lions
courage will be a man who stands up
and is arrested without fanfare
when there are no more eagles
glory will be setting fire to parliaments
when there are no more elephants
memory will
be a grudge passed down generations
when there
are no more
pumas
gracefulness will be
singing
an illegal
song

Mark Carey, Adelaide, Australia



stay in your pyjamas all day

DO YOU BELIEVE IN MAGIC?



Before the unexplained disappearance of the practice, Ethiopians commissioned Shamanic healers in great numbers to create magic scrolls. Renowned for their beauty and artistry, scrolls were made from strips of parchment several feet long containing powerful written messages, often biblical, to ward off spectral interlopers. Far from being a frivolous expense, a scroll was considered an investment for the future and success of one's clan, created in close consultation between the buyer and the seer. For extreme cases of misfortune or hexing, it is rumored that scrolls were made from the skin of animal sacrifices, the blood of which the buyers would wash themselves in to increase connectedness to the scroll. A scripts' power was enhanced by visual symbols, usually a riot of demons, angels, animals and eyes guaranteeing the passages within the scroll remained on alert. Like silver to a vampire, the relic operated in all phenomenological planes and were to be wielded as such. They were hung in the center of the home, eyes facing towards the door. When traveling, they were carried close to the body. Non-believers, seduced by temporal ignorance, remained vulnerable to want, despair and folly. Do you believe in magic?

Darren Fleet



Wolf

First something like a draft disturbs dust, picks plaster, unsettles papers

gathers into a breeze, darkens into a wind, a gust then
the walls collapse. The wolf smacks its jaws (in the middle of the room, in the midst of her things) it demands

Love.

Don't forget (it says): time is as confining as space.

The wolf surveys her wilderness, paws the floor, snarls,

looks her in the eye and

Lunged.

The walls snap back. The window bangs closed.

She rushes to the window. She flings it open.

She leans out, over the empty street.

The moon is a severed circle, half over, half on, the river's oily skin.

She calls the wolf. She is startled by her love for it. She is startled by

her own wild and lonely sound.

oh you who sighs
oh you who sighs
may God give you relief
oh you who sighs
be patient amid your sighs
be patient amid your days of loneliness
time will pass and you will fall in love
oh you who sighs
your nights are long
and sadness makes them even longer
time becomes etched in your face
oh you who sighs
may God give you relief
oh you who sighs

Tunisian Folk Song





Andrea Giacobbe remixed by Steve Keys

World War IV,

the war in which the whole world is now engaged, is a new kind of war: an ongoing and total war, the war of the Empire of Money against Humanity. The Empire of Money seeks to impose the logic and practice of capital on everything, to turn every living being, the Earth, our communities and all our human relationships into commodities to be bought and sold on the market. It seeks to destroy everything that human beings have created: cultures, languages, memories, ideas, dreams, love, and respect for one another.

Fighting on the side of Humanity against the Empire of Money, we need to go beyond opposition, beyond rebellion, beyond resistance, beyond civic insurrection.

Grace Lee Boggs



Evandro Monteiro

If you want to feed a village, teach a man to fish; but if you want to start an insurrection, show him how to live.

Micah White

The image is a complex collage. The background is a large, dark, bear-like figure, possibly a mascot, standing in a city street. The figure is covered in a dense, chaotic pattern of white and grey lines, giving it a textured, almost abstract appearance. In the foreground, there is a large, bold, black text overlay that reads "DREAMING OF". Below the text, there is a smaller, rectangular inset image showing a crowd of people with their hands raised in the air, suggesting a festival or a protest. The overall aesthetic is gritty and artistic, with a mix of urban and social themes.

DREAMING OF

The antiglobalization movement was the first step on the road. Back then our model was to attack the system like a pack of wolves. There was an alpha male, a wolf who led the pack, and those who followed behind. Now the model has evolved. Today we are one big swarm of people.

Raimundo Viejo, Pompeu Fabra University, Spain

F DEMOCRACY



free at last



One cannot always tell what it is that keeps us shut in, confines us, seems to bury us, but still one feels certain barriers, certain gates, certain walls. Is all this imagination, fantasy? I do not think so. And then one asks: My God! Is it for long, is it forever, is it for eternity? Do you know what frees one from this captivity? It is very deep serious affection. Being friends, being brothers, love – that is what opens the prison by supreme power, by some magic force.

Vincent van Gogh



see you sept. 17, wall st. bring tent



**I'M
SICK OF
JUST
DOING
IT.**

baaaaaaaaaa

BLACKSPOTSHOES.ORG